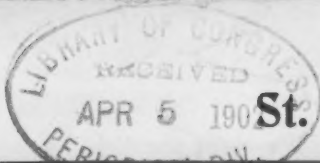


Vol. XII--No. 8



St. Louis, Thursday, April 3, 1902

Price Five Cents

THE MIRROR

Library of Congress
Washington D. C.

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR



The White Steam Carriage

SOLID COMFORT in a
No WATER GLASS to WATCH.
No BOILER to BURN.

Halsey Automobile Co.,

Both Phones. 4259-65 OLIVE STREET.

SOUTHWESTERN AGENTS:

THE WHITE STEAM,
THE WINTON GASOLINE,
THE REMINGTON GASOLINE,
THE WAVERLEY ELECTRIC.

NEW and second-hand LOCOMOBILES for sale CHEAP.

EXHIBITION OF Rare Oriental Curios,

INCLUDING

Tapestries, Armour, Jewels, Etc.,

FROM THE

SHEPHERD COLLECTION,

Under the Personal Supervision of

Mr. Wm. T. Shepherd,

Commencing March 17th, 1902.

AT THE

Noonan & Kocian Galleries

617 Locust Street.

WEDDING TOURS TAKEN ON THE WABASH LINE

Are made enjoyable by
the high standard of
service maintained.

Luxurious Parlor,
Sleeping, Dining,
Observation-Cafe and
Chair Cars compose its
trains.

Apply to nearest
ticket agent for rates
and information, or
write to

C. S. CRANE,
Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agt.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Mirror.

VOL. 12—No. 8.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND FINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE PRESIDENT.

SO many letters have been received by the editor of the MIRROR from persons who read his address to the Knights of St. Patrick in response to the toast "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES," he has concluded to make those remarks the subject of the next issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS. The Republic's excellent report of the address was not exactly what was said, for the speaker in actual delivery made changes inspired by the occasion. The demand for the address in convenient form is the only excuse for the issuance of the production. The MIRROR PAMPHLET to succeed the one upon "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES" will deal, as has been announced before in this place, with "FRANCOIS RABELAIS."

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news-stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: Cecil Rhodes—The Filipinos—Mrs. Altgeld—Postpone the Fair—The Bribery Conviction—Enjoys His Job—The Post Check System—Free Streets—The Fate of Evans—Not Guilty—That Danish Bribe—Stone and Phelps and Kerens—We, Us and Co—Asphalt vs. Granite—The Passing of Jones—Smith Small-Pox	1-3
UNEEDA CRITICISM: By John H. Raftery	4
A CIVIL SERVICE REFORM VICTORY: How the President Routed the Spoilsman	4-5
CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO: A War Satire and Its Author	5
GENERAL MILES' QUEER POSITION: By W. M. R	5-6
HINDOO LOVE POEMS: Less Than the Dust—The Unattainable—Ghost-Passion. By Laurence Hope	6
OUR ADVANCEMENT IN ART: By Frederick Macmonnies	6-7
BRIEFLY TOLD	7
UN-CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE: By Michael Monahan	7
MUSINGS OF A DEBUTANTE: By Harry W. Walker	7-8
SHADOWS CAST BEFORE: By Edmond Haraucourt	8-9
EVOLUTION'S UNSOLVED MYSTERY: By Francis Legge	9
LOCAL POLITICS: By The Committeeman	10
SOCIETY	11
CHATFIELD-TAYLOR'S NOVEL	12
MUSIC: A New Light From a Loft—Nordica and Some Aspiring Local Vocalists—Lohengrin—The Thomas Concerts—Choral-Symphony's "St. Paul"	13
DAVID WARFIELD	14
COMING ATTRACTIONS	15
CHOOSING AN "AUTO"	16
HUNGRY JOE	17
FOR NEGRA VENUS: By Henry Rightor	18-19
THE STOCK MARKET	20-21
A FAREWELL TO CHICAGO: By John Stapleton Cowley-Brown	22
BUENOS AYRES	24

REFLECTIONS.

Cecil Rhodes

CECIL RHODES has been the subject of much bitter criticism in the obituaries printed in this country. Cecil Rhodes was an Englishman, and he believed in his country and strove for its greatness according to his lights. He wanted his countrymen to be supreme in South Africa, but he wanted South Africa to be governed according to the needs of South Africa, and he did not hesitate to hint that if it were not so governed there would be, in the near future, a United States of South Africa. He despised the Boers, and felt that they obstructed the development of South Africa as he wanted it developed. He was, naturally, a commercialist, and to some extent, a very narrow one, but he was not such an imperialist as many have pictured him, for, some years ago, he made a large donation to the cause of Irish Home Rule. That he erred in his estimate of the Boers, and that he lost sight of great principles of universal right in his ambition to be the organizer of Africa, from Cairo to the Cape, is true. That he stood out for the rights of outlanders to a share in government is true also, and there is no doubt that, in a measure, his attack upon the burgher governments was against "taxation without representation," a principle of the American Revolution. It seems to be proved that Rhodes was not wholly the man of blood he has been shown. He certainly pacified many hostile savage tribes without bloodshed, and thus made life and property secure in a region of 750,000 square miles of Mashonaland. Once committed to the idea of British supremacy there was no turning back, and the war now waging in South Africa came as a consequence of the impossibility of compromise between two such men as he and Paul Kruger for, in his way, Paul Kruger was not less ambitious than Rhodes, and Rhodes despised the Boers. Rhodes, of course, looked at things colored by his own enormous interests in the diamond mines and, therefore, missed a proper conception of the Boer point of view, and when he assented to the Johannesburg raid he threw away all hope of any peaceful consummation of his desire to paint the map of Africa all red. When the war came, Rhodes gradually slipped into the background, and, with his great admirer, Rudyard Kipling, grieved at British incompetency for the task to which he had led the Empire. He seems to have seen, towards the end, the mistake he had made in disregarding Boer rights in South Africa, and he died disappointed, if not utterly defeated. Still, Rhodes was a man of power. He made himself a world-figure, rising from poverty and political nothingness. He did a great work of organization, of civilization in South Africa, only to imperil it all through his zeal for the Empire. However we may feel for Kruger and his people, we cannot condemn Rhodes as the incarnation of villainy. From his point of view, as a greater Englander, he was striving for those things which he thought were for the best interests of mankind in South Africa. He thought that commercial interests were supreme and that all abstract rights should be side-tracked for securing commercial needs. The Boers taught him his mistake. Nevertheless, Cecil Rhodes will be honored in history as a man who fought for the purpose of bringing light into the dark continent. He will be hated, perhaps, as Hastings and Clive are hated in India, but he will have, too, something of their glory.

The Filipinos

FILIPINOS are to have representative government when, in the opinion of the Taft Commission, they are fit for it. They will not be fit for representative government until all the insurgents have quit fighting. As long as there is fighting in the islands the military will be the dominant

factor in the islands and there can be no representative government so long as the military forces are in charge. If the people in this country who are clamoring for self-government for the Filipinos wish to secure that for which they are crying they might be better occupied than in encouraging, by writing and oratory, the continuance of the insurrection. The Democrats who are helping the Filipinos to fight should use their influence to get the leaders of the revolt to give the representatives of this country's Civil Government a chance to put their promises into practice. The clamor about our suppression of the natives in the Filipinos is overdone in many quarters. It comes mostly from people who favor the suppression of the negro in the Southern States, and from the West which has been civilized on the theory that "there is no good Indian but a dead Indian." The white man to-day has as much right to take the Philippines as he had three or four hundred years ago to take the territory of the American red man, and to discipline the one as he disciplined the other. No one has suggested representative government for the Indian. Whenever the Indian has undertaken a rising he has been put down. The logic that justified that, justifies like methods with the Filipino, but it is proposed by those who discipline the Filipino that if he will behave himself he shall have his own government. The Filipino himself is standing in the way of a scheme of government for himself. There must be peace before there can be any government but that of force, and the Filipinos have never yet permitted enough peace to enable themselves to find out just what this country is trying to do for them. There is at least as much disposition upon the part of this country to give the Filipinos a chance to govern themselves, when they lay down their arms, as we have given the Cubans. The real friends of the Filipinos in this country should direct their efforts to bringing about a cessation of warfare against our forces. This country cannot weaken before Filipinos in arms. That is the practical, common-sense view of the problem.

Mrs. Altgeld

Mrs. Altgeld

THE widow of John Peter Altgeld is reported to be almost penniless. Altgeld was once a wealthy man and that he lost his money was undoubtedly due to the fact that in his later political career he devoted himself to what he conceived to be the best interests of his countrymen and of mankind to the neglect of his private affairs. It is an open question whether a man should impoverish those dependent upon him by attention to the betterment of the world outside his family, but there is no question at all that John Peter Altgeld was a man in whom there burned a passionate sense of the evil that has play in life. He was an extremist to the thinking of those who mainly control public opinion, but he was at an infinite remove from the anarchist many of us thought him to be some years ago. It is to be hoped that the liberality of those for whom Altgeld strove for many years will be sufficient to put his wife beyond want for the rest of her days.

Postpone the Fair

Postpone the Fair

THERE are ninety-three directors of the World's Fair and only one of them insists that the Fair shall be held in 1903. Yet that one director dominates the others. The postponement of the postponement of the Fair is this one man's work. It is dangerous work, for Congress may not be in a mood to postpone when the management comes around to that course at the eleventh hour, and in that event the Fair would be a ghastly and dismal fizzle.

The Bribery Conviction

The Bribery Conviction

A MEMBER of the St. Louis City Council has been convicted of accepting a bribe. It was proved that he sold to a street-railway legislative agent (euphemism for lobbyist)

a block of worthless stock for \$9,000. The member of the Council after getting the money did not vote for the bill represented by the legislative agent who bought the stock. The jury took only forty minutes to convict the Councilman. The case was a weak one, admittedly. The Councilman only held up a man he thought represented men who owed him money. He had waited long, but never had a chance to get a settlement of his claim until he was in the Council and his vote was needed. He pressed his claim, in company with a boodle Councilman, and the boodle Councilman arranged for the meeting of the Councilman claimant and the lobbyist. The Councilman who got the \$9,000 did nothing for the bill whose advocate paid over the money; he was particular, very particular to say when he got his \$9,000 that it was a business transaction simply, and to tell the lobbyist that the money would not influence his vote, yet a notorious boodler had secured the money for him by representing that if the claim was not settled the bill being pushed by the lobbyist would be defeated. Technically, perhaps, the Councilman who used his Councilmanic position to collect a claim, was not guilty of accepting a bribe. All the lawyers so maintain, except the lawyers for the State. There is no doubt, however, that the man would never have got the money for his stock if he had not happened to be a city official and if he had not happened to be a member of the committee to pass upon the bill being pushed by the lobbyist. There is no doubt that his worthless stock was bought to mollify his opposition to the lobbyist's bill. He voted against the bill, but he might have done more than that. He saw as soon as the bill came up that it was urged by the men he thought owed him money and he said it was his opportunity to get that money. The opportunity consisted of nothing but the circumstance of his official position. The man was morally guilty of using his public position for private gain, although technically the verdict of the jury may not stand. The jury probably knew well the distinction here made, but it wanted to register the popular verdict upon boodling in general and let the Supreme Court (so easily reached by the right attorneys) furnish the technical acquittal. It is probable that the Councilman did not think he was accepting a bribe; in fact it is almost certain he only thought that he had his business enemy in a corner and was squeezing out of him or them what he felt they owed him. There was no other way to get the \$9,000 than to remind the lobbyist that the Councilman's attitude of hostility might be removed by buying the claim. The Councilman could collect the money, the mere individual could not. The Councilman collected the money through the lobbyist's desire to win his favor. The Councilman did not favor the lobbyist's measure. He let a rank boodler tell the lobbyist that he was sore and should be soothed. He went with the rank boodler to the lobbyist and was soothed. He took the money and then fooled the man who paid him. It was a sharp trick, beyond doubt. But it was a trick in which the Councilman used his place for his personal and private profit, and all the acumen of two of the most distinguished lawyers in the city could not overcome the patent fact, even though they pleaded that their client was guilty of "bad taste." The Councilman is a victim of defective business ethics; that's all. He butted up against the moral sense of the community and the young men of the Circuit Attorney's office simply riddled and razzle-dazzled into ridiculousness the splendid speciousness of the defendant's counsel. The writer of this paragraph believes that the convicted Councilman only thought he was seizing a chance to get what was due him. He was a man of good standing and absolutely above suspicion of venality. He did not see and does not see to-day that he did anything outside of proper business cunning to get his own. That is all his defence. He was convicted upon the testimony of two "leading citizens." The man who bought him and the man for whom he was bought are prominent members of prominent clubs. One of these men is a man of blue-blood. The men who bought the Councilman knew what they thought they were buying. They thought they were buying his vote. They were clearly,

squarely, flatly guilty. He was simply taking the chance to "soak them in the neck" for an old financial wrong. He is convicted and is in the shadow of the penitentiary. They are still free. They are greeted gladly in the clubs. They are welcomed in the directors' rooms of banks and trust companies. They are surrounded by sycophants and flatterers. They debauched this Councilman who did not think that he was being debauched. Then they turned States' evidence. They are worse than he in every way. They were willing to pay his claim of \$9,000 on the theory that they were buying his vote to give them a couple of millions. Of course, the Councilman was wrong. Of course, he used his place to squeeze his claim from them. Of course, he is guilty of using his public place for private profit, though he thought he was only confiding the lobbyist out of his own, and was willing to let the lobbyist think he was being bought so that he would get his money and fool the lobbyist by voting against the lobbyist's bill. But the man who put up the \$9,000 to buy the Councilman is still a member of the swellest clubs, notwithstanding his testimony on the witness stand to his own infamy. He intended to bribe the Councilman. Is it not time for the swellest clubs to "fire out" the member who is a confessed corruptor of public officials?

* *

Enjoys His Job

"TOMMY-ROT" is the word for the interesting articles in the papers and magazines about "our over-worked President." Theodore Roosevelt is not whimpering about being over-worked. He has all kinds of fun out of his job, and is as much interested in its details each day as if each day's grind were a brand new game.

* *

The Post Check System

HON. PERRY S. HEATH, now editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, formerly First Assistant Postmaster General, has, through his paper, approved of the postal reform known as the Post check system. This system provides a design for currency intended especially for transmission through the mails, and the active people of the country wish it a success. The Congressional committees on post-offices and post-roads have before them a measure providing a Post check in denominations of five dollars and under, down to the denominations of fractional currency. It is proposed to retire the five, two and one-dollar bills now issued by the Government and substitute the Post check, and make the latter the regular paper money for those denominations. The Post check was devised by Mr. C. W. Post, a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Battle Creek, Mich. He was assisted in its perfection by a number of publishers, and the plan has been earnestly endorsed by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Mr. Heath's paper further explains that the general appearance of the Post check is that of the present one or two-dollar bill. On one side are blank lines upon which the holder may write the name and address of anyone to whom he desires to make payment by mail. The payee, upon receipt of the money, attaches his signature and collects the money at the office named. To forge the signature of the payee is a penitentiary offense, the same as counterfeiting. As rapidly as the signed bills come into the possession of postmasters they are sent to Washington for redemption. So that, by this process, one can carry about his person paper money in various denominations under five dollars, and it passes as good as gold. Should he desire to make remittance by mail he simply takes out a bill or piece of fractional currency, writes the name of his creditor, affixes and cancels a stamp, and it only requires the signature of the latter to again make the money as good as gold at the office named. Since the adoption of rural mail delivery and the popularity among the farmers of the mail order innovation in business, the rural population should be heartily in favor of the proposed arrangement and they would do well so to express themselves to their Senators and Representatives in Congress. The design has been dedicated to the Government, so that no individual can selfishly profit by the adoption of the Post check. Mr. Heath's public approval of the

system should carry a good deal of weight, as he had supervision of the Money Order service of the post office, and was thus able to judge of the advantages of the Post check system. The system would largely put a stop to robbery of the mails and it would increase the revenue of the Postal Department, a thing very much desired at the present time. The Washington Post summarizes the measure's importance when it says that the fact that more than half of all the post-offices in the United States are not money order offices is a sufficient reason for providing this species of currency, "instantly transferable into safe money to send through the mails." It will answer every purpose of money in ordinary business, and will be changeable into a personal check on the United States Government by the simple process of writing a name. The saving that the Government would effect by substituting these notes for money orders would, it is estimated, be about \$600,000 a year. As an accommodation to millions of persons, the scheme commends itself to general approbation. The MIRROR has contained articles in support of this measure before. It would suggest that its readers, who cannot fail to see the usefulness and simplicity of the proposition, write to their Congressmen and the Senators from their States urging them to pass the bill embodying the Post check in our currency and postal systems.

* *

Free Streets

ANNOUNCEMENT was made last week that the Mayor, the Board of Public Improvements and the Transit Company had come to an agreement to leave the city a free street east and west for the use of people who drive or are driven in buggies, carriages or other light vehicles in this city. The MIRROR welcomes the news the more warmly because it seems to have come in response to the suggestion made in this paper, June 13th, 1901, when the following Reflection was published:

"Cannot some arrangement be effected between the city and the Transit Company, whereby one or two streets east and west, north and south, in the center of the city, may be cleared of tracks in order that the person driving down town may not do so only at the risk of his life? There isn't a stretch of street of any consequence between Jefferson avenue and the river upon which any one can drive with safety, to say nothing of pleasure. Of course the many come first, but owners of buggies, traps, carriages, etc., are numerous enough to deserve some consideration."

The city authorities should give us, as soon as possible, the north and south driveway. The Transit Company would probably be willing to abandon some of its tracks on such streets. There would be something worth talking about as a public work in running Twelfth street as a fine asphalt thoroughfare to the Missouri river on the north and the Des Peres river on the south. There would be something finer still in the work of constructing a fine driveway along the river front. The river front of this city could be made as much of a beauty of the place as the Lake is of Chicago. The rehabilitation of the river front is a work that will be undertaken some day and along a splendid roadway, winding with the bank, the city's wealth and fashion will ride and drive and promenade. Kingshighway should be made a boulevard connecting with the Twelfth street driveway and with the river front esplanade at each end. All this will be done some day. It will be done soon if we can only have in succession four or five administrations like that of Mayor Wells'.

* *

The Fate of Evans

THE G. A. R. and the pension attorneys have secured the scalp of H. Clay Evans at last. He is to get a better position than the Pension Commissionship—when such a place may be open—if the G. A. R. and the pension attorneys do not object. Casual reading of the dispatches about this case would almost lead one to suppose that President Roosevelt has surrendered the Pension Commissioner to the wrath of the pension pirates, which is such a supposition as is not in accordance with the Rooseveltian record in the past. We shall have to await further developments before passing on this tender point, but there is no reason why it should not be stated now that the en-

forced resignation of Mr. Evans is a victory for the spoilsman's idea of the purposes for which pensions were established. Mr. Evans' fate is not an omen of promise of higher, cleaner, better, less mercenary politics. Mr. Evans has done nothing as Pension Commissioner that was not in line with the theory of justice and economy in the expenditure of the public's money. His resignation, under all the circumstances, is a misfortune.

✽ ✽

Not Guilty

THE Editor of the MIRROR must deny most emphatically that he is the author of the anonymous novel, "The Imitator," which is now having a great run all over the country. The author of "The Imitator" is a well known writer, and reckons that story as third on a list of works. That "The Imitator" is considerably more than a key-novel, searching out the puny souls of certain social, literary and dramatic celebrities, the discriminating are beginning to discover. It does for New York what "The Green Carnation" did for London—exposes the pose and sham that the Gothamites mistake for smartness. It is more than a story strung on thinly disguised names. It is a piece of really strong, sound literature and its criticism, open and implied, upon American "smart" life is the most valuable contribution to one phase of sociology in this country that has yet been made. It is worth fifty of the novels that "everybody reads" and forgets. But the editor of the MIRROR did not write it, in spite of the intimation that he did, in a brilliant review of the work in *Town Topics* of week before last.

✽ ✽

That Danish Bribe

THAT story of the use of boodle to induce Congress to authorize the purchase of the Danish West Indies is hardly worth investigating. There was no need that anyone should buy the Senators or anyone else for the scheme. It is not at all clear that the Danish Government wanted to pay the United States legislators to buy the islands, and it is difficult to see how any private interests were sufficiently involved to induce them to expend half a million to further the transfer. Some one may, possibly, have been working for the sale on a commission, but the sum alleged to have been expended illegally in securing the purchase is utterly inadequate to the magnitude of the result. The sum named as expended in bribes could not have bought the votes necessary. If Senators are bought they are not bought so cheaply as the charges fulminated by "Jim" Richardson would imply. Jim Richardson is a cheap man himself, as his "job" in connection with the Messages of the Presidents amply proved, and he may have believed the Danish boodle story on that account; but nobody else believes it.

✽ ✽

Stone, Phelps and Kerens

THE MIRROR would suggest that the only possible way in which Mr. William Joel Stone can be beaten for United States Senator from Missouri, is for Col. W. H. Phelps, King of the Railroad Lobby, to come out in support of him. Col. Phelps' opposition has been a great help to Mr. Stone. If the Colonel would only flop now it might be very much easier to buy the toga for Mr. Richard C. Kerens from the next Legislature. Mr. Kerens is willing to buy. He can spare a few millions for a toy like the Senatorship and he might pay a little more for it here than he would in Utah or California or West Virginia, in all of which States he has been led to understand he would be welcomed in politics as a purchaser. Mr. Kerens has been paying the expenses of two minor political parties in this State for about a year and Col. Phelps has been directing the two minor parties in Mr. Kerens' interest, in the hope that the Legislature may be "close" enough to buy the Senatorship from venal Democrats and grafting Populists and the Republicans. Since Colonel Phelps has been discovered managing the Kerens campaign, while also managing the Democratic State Central Committee, there has been a grand, rural rally to Mr. Stone and all the honest opposition to him has dropped off with the declination of men like Champ Clark and DeArmond. They drew

off because they felt they were only serving Col. Phelps by their candidacy. Some few Democrats who do not like Mr. Stone are talking of inducing Senator Vest to reconsider his determination to retire from politics, but Senator Vest cannot in honor do such a thing, since Stone entered upon a canvas for the place upon the assurance that Senator Vest did not want it. There is, positively, no way to defeat Mr. Stone but by a declaration of Col. Phelps in his favor. At present Col. Phelps' management of Mr. Kerens' campaign is resented by the Republicans and by all decent citizens who do not want the Railroad Lobby to own the man who may succeed George G. Vest.

✽ ✽

We, Us and Co.

THERE are a few copies of the EASTER MIRROR still on hand at this office. Indications are that they will not last long as against the demand for them. For the benefit of those who desire copies to send to friends and to save them time, THE MIRROR will send a copy to any address in this country or Canada upon receipt of ten cents. To convince the outside world that St. Louis is a city of importance in every way, all you have to do is send the outsiders copies of the MIRROR and especially copies of its special numbers. The MIRROR is the most cosmopolitan institution in St. Louis and the best St. Louis product to put forth as representing the city's best thought and interests. This is not boastfulness. It is truth, modestly stated. Send the EASTER MIRROR to your friends elsewhere and show them that you live in a live town.

✽ ✽

Asphalt vs. Granite

THERE is talk of covering the granite pavements down town in St. Louis with asphalt, because asphalt is easily kept clean. Granite can be kept just as clean, and just as cheaply. Besides, asphalt is absolutely impossible for heavy hauling. Heavy draught teamsters drive five blocks out of their way to avoid asphalt when they have a heavy load. The best shod horses can get no purchase on asphalt and if the asphalt be sprinkled the pull is harder for a heavy wagon as the pull is harder on a wet railroad track. The cry for asphalt is sentimental. It is folly so far as concerns the district in which heavy hauling is done. The figures of the best authorities in Paris, London, Berlin and New York show absolutely that asphalt is not the street material for heavy traffic. The testimony of any teamster supports the scientific men. Yet the Business Men's League, in spite of the figures and facts from those who know, declared for asphalt over the granite in the commercial district; in other words they want their hauling to be more difficult and more costly. Asphalt will do excellently for lightly traveled streets, but for heavy traffic thoroughfares it is absolutely unsuited. If the Business Men's League would study the official reports upon asphalt for heavy traffic streets, as presented for their consideration in a recent address by the President of the Merchants' Exchange and the President of the greatest heavy-hauling concern in the city, the St. Louis Transfer Company, it would rescind its asphalt resolution. Granite is the only material for a street used for heavy traffic.

✽ ✽

The Passing of Jones

EXIT JAMES K. JONES, the finest "stiff" that ever masqueraded as a figure of importance in American politics. He has been soundly defeated for re-election to the United States Senate from Arkansas. During two campaigns he was Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and in each he demonstrated that his abilities in management were hardly above those requisite to running a country campaign. He was the laughing-stock of the country with his absurd predictions, and his archaic methods. He was kept in the Chairmanship chiefly through the influence of Mr. Bryan, who did not feel that he could wholly trust the smarter men in the Committee. His defeat is a blow at Mr. Bryan's supremacy in party management. It looks as if Arkansas were inclined to lead the way to a return to the old Democratic alignment of the South with the East. Senator Jones was not of much

use to his State in the Senate, being possessed of a back-number mind and a wobbly will. He got himself tied up in the round-cotton-bale trust to his own damage as a warrior against trusts, and in every way possible he showed his fingers to be thumbs, and his feet not to be mates. The Democratic party is well rid of James K. Jones and Arkansas is to be congratulated upon having the good sense to turn him down. His successor, James P. Clarke, is a man of a better type, more aggressive, more modern, more businesslike. He has sympathy with the spirit of the world, and he believes in a new Arkansas with its resources developed, and its business opportunities unrestricted by fool legislation against outside corporations. Arkansas puts aside business and political fossilism in Democracy in selecting Clarke in preference to Jones. Clarke is not exactly a gold bug Democrat, but he is no bigot on the divine ratio. It cannot be said that he is hostile to Mr. Bryan, but he believes that "there were brave men before Agamemnon." He is not in favor of extreme Bourbonism, even though he shares somewhat in the South's prejudices and economic and social and racial superstitions. The result of the Arkansas election is of National significance. It will be interesting to read what Mr. Bryan will have to say about it in his paper, *The Commoner*.

✽ ✽

Smith

A MAN named Smith who, as an adopted son, inherited a fortune, and in a long series of years of residence in St. Louis as a bachelor, had only such relations with his fellow-citizens as grew out of his disagreeable penchant for vexatious litigation at the slightest appearance of provocation, died the other day and left \$450,900 to Harvard University. His gift was a queer, unexpected revelation of character. It seems to have been prompted by a sort of spite against Washington University, with some of whose directors he had been frequently at law. Smith, to all appearances, never did get any joy out of life, and that fact appears to have been more his own fault than that of anyone else. It was well, indeed, that he made some reparation to his kind by his benefaction to the great University, but at best his use of his money at the end was only a sort of second best use of it. The best thing a man can do with money is, use it well while he is alive. It is doubtful if post-mortem generosity with money ever atones for the sin of being a curmudgeon over money during life. This man, who flew in the face of Fate by adopting the name 'Smith, only gave up his money when he had to, and having no relatives had to leave it to someone or something, yet it was characteristic of him that he should not leave it to any institution in the community in which he was raised. He could not even leave money to the local institution that was founded by the good man who left him his fortune originally. A benevolence that is prompted by a grudge is a problem for a psychologist to place in its proper light, but it is at least gratifying to think that the example of the late acidulous and atrabilious Mr. Smith may revive the fashion of handsome bequests among St. Louisans about to leave this earthly scene.

✽ ✽

Small-Pox

WE should be much gladder of the spring than we appear to be. Warmer weather is very desirable because its coming will mean the disappearance of the small-pox scourge, the extent and severity of which has been known to but very few people. The whole country has suffered greatly from the disease, and the coming of open weather should be taken immediate advantage of to clean up all the big cities in which the disease has lurked for something like five years. St. Louis, especially, must put itself in fine sanitary condition if it is to entertain the world in 1904 or 1905, for the world will not visit here if the small-pox epidemic retains its hold upon the town. The disease has been of a very slight degree of virulence here compared with what it has been in other cities, but there is no telling at what time it may increase in virulence. A change might come in twenty-four hours.

Little.

UNEEDA CRITICISM.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

I THINK Mr. Homer Bassford's "Play Criticism," which appeared in the Easter number of the MIRROR, is the most interesting and significant expression about the value, or rather worthlessness, of expert dramatic opinion that has recently appeared in print. Coming from a recognized authority, it fully explains what has puzzled many, viz., the final surrender and abdication of the dramatic monitor before the assertive and all-conquering prowess of a public that doesn't want to learn anything from anybody—doesn't even want an honest tip that it is being buncoed.

"Your public wants two things of its theater—entertainment and a satisfied curiosity—these two and nothing more." Thus speaks Mr. Bassford with an oracular veracity which none can dispute. Later, taking "The Crisis" as an example in point, he says: "It is rich in conventionality—turgid in tawdriness. There are scenes in the piece over which the gallery at Havlin's would writhe in honest ecstasy. There are speeches in the piece that must stick in the throat of the talented young Mr. Hackett who speaks them. The piece flings insult at the Old South and is a caricature, in many respects, of the gentle people who made up the old regime. Yet the piece is good entertainment."

The knowing writer is so merciless in his candor that he not only thus openly agrees with the audiences which approved the conventionality and tawdriness of the play, but he goes on to say that the critic who had the hardihood to utter divergent opinions would expose his digestive organs to public diagnosis and even cause the actors to "write letters to the editor." "The Crisis" pleased and satisfied the curious St. Louis audiences, therefore, for St. Louis at least, it is a good entertainment, therefore anything that succeeds is good entertainment, from the bull-baiting in the Plaza Toro of Mexico, to the pot-pourri of putrescence with which "my son Jim" gorges the crowded audiences of the Standard. I am sure that Mr. Bassford is sorry that the things he has so ably stated are true. No thoughtful or self-respecting reader of his lines about "Play Criticism" can suppress admiration for the courage which prompted him thus to turn the search-light of introspection upon a community in which he lives and probably expects to continue living, for he has proved that a tawdry, conventional, insulting caricature is good entertainment for the most fashionable amusement-seekers in St. Louis.

Indeed, Mr. Bassford's shocking estimate of public taste and intelligence in St. Louis applies with even greater aptitude to the other great cities of the United States. The merits of actors, plays, books, music, pictures and newspapers are measured and, as Mr. Bassford explains, can be measured only by their success. The same gauge of excellence which applies to patent medicines, electric belts, corsets, biscuits and brands of cigars is now applicable to all the arts. If it succeeds it's good. If it's well advertised, it succeeds. "Uneeda Crisis," if pasted sufficiently broadcast upon the bill-boards of the Nation, is sure to accomplish literature no matter what the author does. The Frohmans continued to emblazon the legend "Uneeda John Drew" in the dramatic columns of newspapers, upon dead walls and in the storefronts, till public curiosity was whetted. He came along in pieces that were conventional, tawdry, turgid and in some cases idiotic, but the optimistic public had to satisfy its curiosity and—now John Drew is a good actor. He's a standard brand, tops the Frohman catalogue which contains 57 varieties, count 'em!

Why, then, should play criticism venture into the realm of advising the public? What would you think of a man, a total stranger, who, seeing you agape before a bill-board, would tap you on the shoulder and hint that you didn't need a biscuit at all?

There are many isolated and amiable people in the world who may differ with the new definition of "a good

entertainment." "Something that satisfies the curiosity and amuses," probably, must do for the present, but some busybody will be sure to ask, "why may not a good, symmetrical, artistic piece of dramatic work also satisfy the curiosity and entertain?" I think Mr. Bassford and, indeed, every "rose-spectacled" and alert observer like him, will agree with me that there have been first-rate plays that were amusing and satisfying to the curiosity without even getting into the utterly hopeless category of being instructive. We all know that the public hates to be lectured. Even the preachers know that, and have abandoned all such futile subterfuges. They are now trying to furnish good entertainment by amusing and satisfying curiosity. But even they do not find it "successful" to become tawdry and turgid, or to fling rhetorical insults, or flippant caricatures in the eyes and ears of their audiences. At least they go in for beautiful utterances, fine oratory, sequential and even logical gestures, polite methods, good English and an assumption of honest workmanship.

And yet, while hoping and believing that the public can be interested and amused by good plays, even better than by such amateurish banalities as "The Crisis," I see no immediate prospect that such fine provender will be generally offered for public consumption. We have seen that the public not only wishes to remain uninstructed, but we may shrewdly guess that it would resent anything like an unsought opinion even from an expert optimist like Mr. Bassford. The Theatrical Trust, God help it, is doing its best to provide "good entertainment," which means that its measure of merit is "success" and its method of success is judicious advertising. In other words, like the newspaper, the wise theatrical manager is giving the public what it wants, not what it ought to want. The process of modern dramatic mechanism starts in the book-publisher's office, where some well-known journeyman "author" is advised to write something with "dramatic possibilities." The publisher and the dramatic manager get together on the advertising business. If the book "catches on," the Thespian possibilities of some "actor," like the elastic entrail used in making sausage, is held at the spout of the adaptation butcher-shop and the result is—a good entertainment.

Nobody can blame the theatrical managers. It would be evidently ridiculous to find fault with the majority for reading what it likes. The dramatic critic can't be expected to admit that the piece is no good. If he did, all sorts of terrible things would happen to him. Mr. Bassford says the outraged public would accuse him of indigestion and the actors themselves would write to his editor! I have known even worse things than these to follow the luckless critic who had the temerity to "say things" in his paper about rankly rotten plays. What, you may well ask, could be more terrible than to have an actor write to the editor complaining of an audacious critic? What? To have the press-agent, or the manager himself, come round to the business office of your newspaper and cut his "ad" down to five lines or take it out altogether! That's what!

The public, then, doesn't want to know anything; the play provider gives the public what it wants; the critic, who is onto his job and hopes to keep on, dodges them both, gives them both what they want. As a matter of fact his title, like his duties, is a mere matter of courtesy. His business is to jolly the audience, the actor and the manager. To do this he naturally looks at and listens to the audience while a piece is in progress. If there is "prolonged applause," if the handsome leading man gets "five curtain calls," if the house is filled with fashionable people who don't want to learn anything, then the play is good, the players are "scoring another triumph" and the whole thing is "a social and artistic success!" Why, then, should managers "blow themselves" for good plays and real actors? Is there any reason why a critic should grow impertinent and at the same time queer his job by saying things about plays? If the majority is pleased with clap-trap and mouthing marionettes, whose business is it?

"The essayist and the expert will remain in their own

classes," says Mr. Bassford, "and there will yet be a broad field for the reviewer who knows his public and who recognizes its right to have criticism whose standards are based on curiosity and desire for simple entertainment."

Right you are! And if the drama gets so bad that even the popular "taste" is nauseated, we shall yet have the shell-game for our curiosity and Ping Pong for amusement, and the wary dramatic critic can get the society editor's job or drift naturally into the sporting department where "the standards" are based on those same primitive ingredients of the evolved troglodyte—curiosity and pleasure.



A CIVIL SERVICE REFORM VICTORY.

HOW THE PRESIDENT ROUTED THE SPOILSMEN.

TOO little attention has been paid, in this Western country, to the great victory for Civil Service Reform achieved by President Roosevelt and his friends in Congress in the matter of the Census Bureau Bill. The Democratic papers have refrained from bestowing credit upon the President, and the Republican papers have evidently feared that the defeat of the spoils-men in the matter would not be pleasant news for "those who bear the heat and burden of the day" at the primaries. The President prevented the Republicans from "cinching" the Permanent Census Bureau places for the Republicans. He wanted the places, so far as possible, in the classified service and the politicians wanted to shut out the Democrats from every place in the Census Commissioner's gift. The story of how the spoils politicians of the Republican party were circumvented and defeated by the Republican President is an interesting one, best told in the editorial columns of the New York Evening Post, a paper not at all committed to undeviating approval of President Roosevelt's policies.

What Congress set out to do was to foist into the regular classified service the whole group of employees collected by patronage methods for the twelfth census. It began by trying to frame such a paragraph in the bill creating a permanent Census Office as would not only put all these employees into the new office, but qualify all who had been dismissed on account of a necessary reduction of the staff since July 1, 1901, for reinstatement in the Census Office for the purpose of transfer to some other branch of the classified Civil Service. In passing through its several stages preceding enactment into law, this and a number of other vicious schemes were combed out of the bill. One was a sweeping paragraph which would have made every human being attached to the office, from the highest to the lowest, a member of the classified service, including coal-heavers and charwomen. The bad feature which held on longest was that which proposed to classify everybody above the grade of skilled laborer who might be on the payroll at the time of the approval of the act. Undoubtedly the President would have vetoed the whole measure if this had been left in; but the two houses disagreed on certain terms, which threw the bill into conference, and out of conference came a Civil Service paragraph which simply authorized the Director of Census, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, to appoint to the permanent Census Office such members of the present force as he chose, place these persons in the classified service by virtue of such appointment, and required that all subsequent appointments should be made through the usual machinery of the Civil Service Commission.

With a President in the chair who cared nothing for civil service reform, the Director of the Census would have found his simplest course to be to make very liberal selections from his present temporary force for reappointment in the permanent force, and to consult the wishes of the Congressional patrons at every step of this choice. President Roosevelt, however, has taken all the poison out of the Civil Service paragraph of the bill by ordering that the temporary force shall continue in service till July 1st, and that on that date the Director shall choose for reappointment only those members of the temporary force whom he needs in his permanent force. This will mean that somewhere between 1,500 and 2,000 employees will be dropped out of the census service during the coming three months. If the Director should need an additional force of clerks for any special sort of business later, he will have to draw them from the Civil Service Commission's registers, for no "supernumerary" clerks will be carried over from the

present to the permanent force. Indeed, even if on the 1st of July itself, the Superintendent finds that the work of his office has not yet reached the stage where it can be done by the number of clerks necessary to his permanent force, he will have no alternative, under the President's order, but to call upon the Civil Service Commission to furnish all the extra help he wishes.

To sum the matter up briefly Congress tried a game of blackmail on the President; the Conference Committee cleverly broke its force; and now the President has finished the good work by accepting his much-desired permanent census but refusing to "stand and deliver" at the mandate of the blackmailers.

CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO.

A WAR-SATIRE AND ITS AUTHOR.

IN the popular mind the opponents of the glorious trade of war—that art of splitting throats and burning homes—are either timorous women or frail dyspeptic men with a constitutional pre-disposition to avoid danger at any risk. And the defenders of the war spirit never tire of sneering at the alleged "Miss Nancies," who would thwart the development of the race by doing away with the noble and manly pastime of skulking behind redoubts or earth-works, awaiting an opportunity to shoot an enemy a thousand yards or more away.

The idea that only the weak and cowardly are enemies of war finds emphatic denial in the personality of the man who, perhaps more than any other American, has in recent years come to be associated with the propaganda of peace. This man is Ernest Howard Crosby, of New York, whose retirement, some eight years ago, from official position to devote his life to the cause of social and economic reform excited general attention, and who has found in the events following the declaration of war against Spain, in 1898, ample field for his unusual abilities as a writer and speaker. Born in New York City, in 1856, the son of that eminent Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Howard Crosby, he is descended from distinguished American ancestors, and cannot, therefore, be lightly disposed of on the theory that his radical views are merely the envious snarlings of one of the discontented lower classes at the superior upper class. With the best educational advantages it might have been supposed that he would have become sufficiently enlightened to accept without question the comforting gospel of things-as-they-are, and, indeed, for a time, it seemed that he would become an ornament to that social stratum in which he found himself. But after an active and highly creditable experience in New York politics, having succeeded Theodore Roosevelt as representative in the New York State Assembly from the wealthiest District in the State, and several years of service as Judge of the International Court at Alexandria, Egypt, he found himself possessed of an idea. This was an intense conviction that the present social order of the "civilized" countries of the world is at variance with the essential doctrines of Christianity, and with the principles of sympathy, helpfulness, kindness and justice, in which the people of these countries profess to believe.

Convinced that the widespread misery and suffering resulting from unjust social conditions was due to this failure to make the teachings of Christ the rule of individual and social life, Mr. Crosby believed that it was his duty to preach with voice and pen this truth as he saw it. He therefore resigned from his judicial position, and has since zealously labored in his chosen field, that of holding up to a people claiming to be Christian the inconsistency of their professions with their practice.

Six feet two inches in height, broad-shouldered, full-chested and deep-voiced, with rare personal magnetism and a wholesome, manly vigor reflected in every movement, Mr. Crosby presents a striking contrast to the neurotic weaklings who seek to hide their lack of true manliness by clamoring for blood-letting on a large scale. (Not that all advocates of war are of the Rudyard Kipling type. But it is curious how many Jingoos there be who would fail to qualify as a "first class fighting man.")

A ready and earnest speaker, with, for a reformer, the unusual art of presenting a popular fallacy in such form as to show its ridiculous absurdities, he is in constant demand as a lecturer on the great issues of the time. And in his warfare against war, land monopoly, legalized privilege of all kinds, and the stupidity and injustice of modern social institutions, he is a proof that there is a higher "strenuous life" than that of leading companies of trained men to kill their fellows.

Mr. Crosby has written a very interesting book of Whitmanesque free verse, setting forth his hale, hearty naturalistic, but not unclean, Socialism, called "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." Now he appears as the author of "Captain Jinks, Hero," a story-satire upon war, the strenuous life, conquest, benevolent assimilation, etc. There have been greater satires. This does not equal the one it naturally suggests, "Ginx's Baby," but it is undeniably good. It is written with much clarity and simplicity. It is, in very truth, the whole case against our so-called imperialism. It riddles the army fake and the hero pose most unmercifully and successfully. It shows the barbarity, the nincompoopery, the uproarious absurdity of the extreme military ideal. It illuminates, from the author's standpoint, the hypocrisy of this country's protestations as to Cuba, the Philippines and China. It sticks close to what anti-imperialists regard as established fact and it marshals those facts with an effectiveness that is positively brilliant. The whole ridiculous military and naval tradition of honor and distorted ideals is ruthlessly, and yet with much humor, shown up. The bogus nature of glory in these days is portrayed with only too much truth. Even the man who cries *laissez faire* as to the *status quo* is compelled to admit the power of Mr. Crosby's comic version of our war with Spain and its consequences. The great war fake has to be admitted by any candid reader of these pages. *Captain Jinks* is an amiable "chump" of a sort distantly modeled on the immortal knight of La Mancha, only he moves amid sordidness of the most depressing sort. The "fly" correspondent is excellently done. The truth that lurks behind the trappings of war is made hideously plain. Funston is flayed and Shafter roasted a rich brown. The President is only "faintly adumbrated." Even a satirist like Mr. Crosby seems to like Roosevelt in spite of Roosevelt's openness to satiric opportunity. No one can follow the foolishly glorified career of *Captain Jinks* without realizing that war is a ghastly-jocose anomaly when one tries to make it conform with the set phrases we use so often in speaking of civilization. *Jinks'* experiences at East Point, his capture by the Moritos, his prowess as the hero of San Diego, his dull-witted acceptance of the code that found its highest militaristic expression in the Dreyfus case, his unconsciousness that he is a dummy and a barbarian, and a tool in the hands of the journalist—all these things are super-excellent burlesque, and—even an imperialist must admit—painfully truthful. The adventures of *Captain Jinks* are very amusing. They are made to point every possible argument against this country's military career since 1898. This volume will undoubtedly be a text book for the Opposition for years to come, and everybody will enjoy the author's cleverness and sincerity and directness. The story is good stuff, every line of it, and Dan Beard helps it out with illustrations that are bitterer than the text. There can be no doubt that Ernest Crosby has in this book put the stamp of "Fake" over the war spirit so effectively that even the most willing acceptors of "the thing which is" will never be able wholly to wipe it out with altisonantic eloquence. The argument does not cumber the grotesque comicality of presentation of the military, jingoistic theory in action. The story is amusing and the moral is pressed home at the same time with inescapable forcefulness. In the literature evoked by American events, between 1898 and 1902, "*Captain Jinks, Hero*," must be reckoned as a book of power. It is crude, but has natural strength and grace, for all that. It is not carefully constructed, but it mocks effectively all the "highfalutin" of the modern heroic, and it is not marred by any ugliness of spirit except the picture of the crazy hero towards the end, who might possibly be mistaken for Sampson in his insanity. This, it is only just to say, was written before Sampson's mind was shattered. The book is published by Funk & Wagnells, New York. Whosoever reads it will realize that it comes very near indeed to laughing Yankee chivalry away.

GENERAL MILES' QUEER POSITION.

BY W. M. R.

GENERAL MILES has a genius for getting into trouble, but he seems to have had common sense and justice upon his side when he protested against the Root army bill, because it tends to make the army a bureaucratic machine and to put the land forces of the Nation in the hands of the Secretary of War, so as to make the commanding officer little more than a clerk or a messenger boy. The puerilities and absurdities of the Naval Board of Strategy during our war with Spain would probably be duplicated under the provisions of the Root measure. General Miles insinuates that the Root measure makes for political and personal favoritism, and the General is right. He and the country had some experience of such favoritism under Alger's rule as Secretary of War when there were restrictions upon the Secretary's power. Under the Root measure the restrictions would be removed. General Miles is not the wisest man in the country or in the army. He does not appear to be able to get along with the powers that be in authority above him. He has invited and received humiliation upon humiliation in the last five years, and the country suspects that he has borne them all chiefly by virtue of his invincible egotism and vanity, but the country is coming around to the point of view that General Miles is being and has been unduly humiliated before the army and the country. There is no apparent satisfactory explanation of the matter. He was made ridiculous when the advance was made upon Cuba, by being sent at the head of an opera bouffe expedition to Porto Rico. He was put in a bad light by his exuberant outburst on the subject of embalmed beef. He has had practically no voice whatever in the conduct of the campaign in the Philippines. His recent suggestions of a plan to pacify the Philippines were undoubtedly silly, but even that does not explain the acrid savagery of the rebuke administered to him by the Secretary of War and the President. He was "called down" for precipitating his opinion into the Sampson-Schley controversy, and now the Secretary of War affronts him with a bill to make him a nonentity in the control of the army. Miles is pompous, but he was a fine soldier in the Civil War. He is vain, but he was a splendid Indian fighter. He may have ambitions in the direction of the Presidency, but they are not such, surely, as detract from his soldierly abilities. He talks too much, but so does every military man who talks at all. There is nothing tangible that the country can lay its hands on to show why it is that General Miles is always at odds with the Administration. It is not shown in any of his actions that he is other than a man anxious to do his best for his country. He is not accused of inefficiency. Why, then, is he being continually told to "go way back and sit down?" There is absolutely nothing that gives a clew to the mystery. It may be that General Miles is not gifted with politic art, that he is inclined to push himself injudiciously; but there must be more than that behind all the difficulties he has had within the last five years. Is the secret of his troubles to be found in the fact that he bears with all his difficulties and refuses to recognize his humiliations? It is almost inconceivable that a man fitted to be the commanding general of the army should not resign under such treatment as General Miles has received. It is surely to be suspected that the General is somehow in the wrong when his position is so invariably in opposition to that of everybody else in authority. His attitude, right or wrong, is always that of the man who is playing to the populace. Everything for which he has been put in hot water has been in the nature of a sort of bid for popularity. His enemies are almost justified in calling him a "demagogue," for, generally, he has taken the view of those who are opposed to the Administration, right or wrong, but so far as the uninitiated can see, he has neither done nor said anything that is more grievous than an exposition of the fact that "he has his own opinions." His ready assumption of the truth of the statement that

The Mirror

OUR ADVANCEMENT IN ART.

BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES.

Frederick Macmonnies returned recently to America after an absence, spent mainly in Paris, of some seventeen years. He went away a promising young art student of 22, to return, still a young man, with an assured, world-wide reputation. He has been an indefatigable worker and has already given to the world many famous statues. His genius has been generally recognized. Among his compensations have been two first prizes in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the cross of the Order of St. Michael, Munich, Germany; first medal, Antwerp; the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Paris; the grand prix of the Paris exposition, and many similar decorations. A large proportion of Mr. Macmonnies' work has been selected to occupy conspicuous positions in public parks and buildings. His success in this important class of decoration lends especial weight to this very optimistic view of the future of art in America, which he recently published to the world by way of a newspaper syndicate article. Mr. Macmonnies is a personage of interest to St. Louisans by reason of his having married a St. Louis artist, Miss Mary Fairchild.

THE artistic life of the country during the past half century falls naturally, it seems to me, into three general periods. We are at present enjoying an artistic Renaissance, dating from the Chicago Fair. The period previous to this may be said to extend back to the Centennial, at Philadelphia, in 1876, while a still earlier and equally distinct period preceded '76.

That the World's Fair served to awaken the artistic sense and to refine taste in general throughout the country is, of course, undisputed. On the other hand, it has always seemed to me that the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition served to retard our artistic life. Compare, for a moment, the taste of the three periods. There are plenty of examples familiar to every one to serve as illustration.

Well, before 1876, we knew less of Continental art than we do to-day, and art played a far less important part in the national life. There was a poverty of design, and, naturally, considerable ignorance and lack of taste; but the art of the period was simple, and even when hopelessly ugly it was for the most part quiet and dignified. The furniture, for example, usually of oak or mahogany, was likely to be massive and at least free from over-decoration.

Most people will recall the black, hair-cloth covering which our grandfathers used. To be sure, it was very ugly, but one, so to speak, slid off it, and it passed without jarring us.

Then, too, in the taste in pictures of that day. People bought pleasant little figures, illustrations of classic plays, or poems, or of the Bible. The taste was simple. We may smile at them now, but they were inoffensive. This early period was very distinctive, and while its shortcomings may make us smile, they are not likely to irritate us.

With these quaint old interiors in mind, call before you a typical parlor of the next period and compare them, if you have the patience. It seems inconceivable that people should live surrounded by so much that was ugly, even hideous. The Centennial brought us many new ideas of decoration from abroad, and artists entertained high hopes of its influence upon taste.

But its effect was anything but gratifying. Its influence was widespread. It seemed to give people a remarkable desire for decoration which they gratified with the use of very commonplace designs. These designs gave the effect of desiring more for one's money than people were entitled to.

The designs of furniture became more elaborate and more ugly. Colors ran riot all through the decorations of this period. The pictures became more common and more commonplace. It was at this period that the chromo, a cheap imitation of the oil painting, came into almost universal use.

It was a period of imitations—of cheap imitations—of over-decoration. Even the furniture and pictures were covered with a variety of hideous tidies and lambrequins—if I have the names correctly—themselves covered with grotesque designs and in absolutely impossible colors.

The Chicago Fair brought us back and still points the way to more classic standards of taste. Its influence has been felt throughout the country in practically all branches of art. In private and even municipal architecture the progress in the last ten years or so has been greater, it seems to me, than in any similar period in our history, and the awakening doubtless dates from the Fair year. And I am very hopeful for the future.

I come back to New York after an absence of nearly

eight years, to find almost a new city in its larger artistic sense, in its artistic intelligence and its brilliant promise of the future. I was not wholly unprepared for the change. Many of the men who are working here are friends of mine, and I knew something of their taste and ambition.

A new city is springing up rapidly upon Manhattan island, and glimpses of it are to be seen on every hand in the business neighborhoods no less than in the resident sections. I have been particularly impressed with the white buildings, both public and private, which are beginning to dominate the city's architecture. The new libraries, the new banks, the clubs, the new municipal buildings, and scores of beautiful residences are in this tone. They will give New York eventually the appearance of a tropical city, and with our abundant sunlight and blue sky we shall have in many respects the most beautiful city in the world.

Our progress toward developing a distinctive national style of architecture in America has been very great, if, indeed, we have not already reached the goal. The American temperament is certainly distinctive enough, and it only needs the gift of artistic expression. We come nearest to a new style, I think, in the architecture of our great office buildings and in our suburban homes.

The first sky-scrapers, to be sure, were very ugly. It seemed impossible to construct an artistic building of great height. But when our architects came to consider the constructions not as buildings, but as towers, the problem became greatly simplified. It is, of course, possible to design a very beautiful tower.

Then in our suburban villas, the American manner of life demands a home unlike any other in the world. Here is the architect's opportunity. There is already much that is both original and beautiful in the architecture of both types of structure.

I am impatient to have America assert herself and take her position, as she is entitled to do, as a great artistic center. We should have as great an art school as anywhere in the world. It should be unnecessary for art students to go abroad. The effect of environment and that sort of thing is likely to be exaggerated. At present, France has the best art schools in the world, both for the painter and the sculptor, and nowhere else can one find so many enthusiastic students. The effect of all this is important. A surgeon, for example, prefers to study and practice, for a time, at least, where there are the best opportunities for observing and knowing the best in surgery. It is exactly the same with an artist.

An artist should do much of his serious work, it seems to me, under the direct influence of a school or of masters who represent the highest standards of taste. Later he must return to his own country or his particular environment and apply what he has learned to its needs.

America must, of course, work out its own artistic salvation in its own way. Personally I greatly admire the influence of the French Academy and Institute in developing the artistic life of France. The Academy constitutes a court of good taste, which passes upon all phases of the artistic life, and serves, I think, to keep it near its high standards.

Any institution which has accomplished so much for the artistic life is at least worth trying. Whether it could have the same influence in America, whether its dictates would be accepted, whether our strong individuality as a people would consent to such a supervision is, of course, an open question. Certainly, however, it is worth a trial.

I believe in the establishment of a single, grand, central art school, where art students from all parts of the country might work together. We have the wealth, the artistic taste, certainly the energy and talent, for establishing such a school and for insuring its success. It should enable students to work in the very hotbed of every art and gain the inspiration which comes from numbers and enthusiasm. And such a school, I cannot but believe, is but a matter of time.

America should achieve distinction—I firmly believe that she will do so—both in sculpture and painting. The two always hang together. Our country has already given promise of the highest achievement in both arts. As a people, our abundant energy, our open and flexible intelligence, led by boundless ambition, certainly are destined to achieve great results.

In returning to America after some seventeen years spent abroad, and, for the most part, on the continent, I

the war on the Filipinos was being waged with too much severity, indicates his tendency to believe ill of his own army. He has so much opinion that he is distrusted at Washington. The talking general is always distrusted; the soldier politician is always held in some disrespect, but if General Miles is justly made to suffer the humiliations that have been put upon him, it is hard to see why he should not be removed entirely from the position in which he has been made more or less absurd. One cannot believe that the men who have humiliated Miles are persecuting him. They must have some cause for their restraint upon him, of which the public knows nothing. They cannot persecute him for having a presidential "bee." That he does not resign is strange, in view of the fact that in holding on to his place he is not accomplishing anything. That he is not relieved of all authority is strange, in view of the fact that his authority is brought into discredit by the fact that he is at outs with the Administration. That the commanding, general of the Army is, somehow, out of touch with his surroundings is painfully evident, but just what is the nature of his offending, or his unadaptability, is not made any clearer anywhere than in the rather tentative suggestions of this paragraph. Why is the General sat upon so hard at every opportunity? The President may be said to have shown evidence that he regards him as an ass. But Miles comes up smiling after every rebuff, and there are those who believe him in the right. The Miles case is a mystery.

HINDOO LOVE POEMS.

BY LAURENCE HOPE.

LESS THAN THE DUST.

LESS than the dust beneath Thy Chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained Thy Sword,
Less than the trust Thou hast in me, O Lord,
Even less than these!

Less than the weed, that grows beside Thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from Thee,
Less than the need Thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I.

Since I, O Lord, am nothing unto Thee,
See here Thy Sword, I make it keen and bright.
Love's last reward, Death, comes to me to-night,
Farewell, Zahir-u-din.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

I would have taken Golden Stars from the sky for your necklace,
I would have shaken rose-leaves for your rest from all the rose-trees.

But you had no need; the short, sweet grass sufficed for your slumber,
And you took no heed of such trifles as gold or a necklace.

There is an hour, at twilight, too heavy with memory.
There is a flower that I fear, for her hair had its fragrance.

I would have squandered Youth for you, and its hope and its promise,
Before you wandered, careless, away from my useless passion.

But what is the use of my speech, since I know of no words to recall you?

I am praying that Time may teach, you your Cruelty, me, Forgetfulness.

GHOST-PASSION.

You never loved me, and yet to save me,
One unforgettable night, you gave me
Such chill embraces as the snow-covered heights
Receive from clouds, in northern, Auroral nights.
Such keen communion as the frozen mere
Has with immaculate moonlight, cold and clear.
And all desire,
Like fading fire,
Died slowly, faded surely, and sunk to rest
Against the delicate chillness of your breast.

—From "The Garden of Kama."

have been particularly impressed by the extraordinary honesty of my countrymen. It is very gratifying. Here a man meets your eye directly and holds your gaze, and his expression is open and honest. The Continental eye is shifty and practiced, more or less, in concealments. The contrast is very striking. In America one lives in a clear and more wholesome atmosphere. And here is a characteristic of the first importance, which should find expression in our art.

Americans are very intolerant of anything but the very best in art. On every hand there is an unmistakable movement toward all that is beautiful and true in art and a corresponding impatience with all that is unworthy. The opportunities are boundless. Here is a new country, unhindered by traditions, with abundant wealth, energy and taste.

The Old World is crowded, the arts are crowded, and the opportunities are far more limited than here. Our great history has not yet received its adequate artistic expression. The great cities of the future which we are building are to be beautified.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

DECEMBER

M R. BROMLEY. Miss Gerrish.

MARCH

Roy. Violet.

APRIL

Darling. Darling.

JUNE

Mr. Bromley. Mrs. Bromley.

MARCH

Master Gerrish Bromley.

Town Topics.

UN CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

DURING the recent visit of Prince Henry a good deal of amusement was caused by somebody's applying in good faith to the "captains of industry" who banqueted him, the French phrase *chevaliers d'industrie*, which, to the Gallic mind, has a very different significance.

I met a true chevalier of this type t'other day. The game he is working with brilliant success seems to me so original—just hugging the border of fraud and yet clearly distinguished from the ordinary confidence or bunco operation—that I venture to give you an account of it.

This gentleman has organized a sort of dining-club which meets regularly every Sunday evening at a well-known and somewhat swell resort. The membership is made up, for the most part, of literary dabblers; that is to say, persons who have written and published barely enough to come within the category of the submerged literary tenth. That indefinable thing called the Bohemian flavor is furnished by some newspaper writers and illustrators and also by a contingent of vaudevillians, male and female.

The crowd, as a whole, is not uninteresting. Many of the women are good-looking. All of them are well-dressed. Few of them are averse to cocktails. Most of them, however, know how to take care of themselves, and, though hardly a woman is seen there who might not afford matter for piquant speculation, yet no distinct *rumeur scabreuse* attaches to the club.

The magnet of all, men and women, seems to be that desire of attracting notice so marked in the minor actors and the lesser *litterati*. As the weekly dinners are long,—beginning at seven and lasting, for a good part of the crowd, until three in the morning,—everyone who so desires has a chance to do a "stunt." One hears in the course of an evening, original poems, literary essays, maiden speeches, coon songs, dialect turns, etc. All are liberally applauded, because everyone there expects to be a performer in turn. It is truly extraordinary how such a tacit understanding as this helps to give *eclat* to the whole programme. Only less surprising is the air of spontaneity about these practiced

entertainers. You would think many of them had never been called on before.

But the Chevalier is easily the first man there, as indeed he is by official precedence. A charming address, a pleasant personality, a gift of saying things that seem clever in this uncritical atmosphere of cocktails, Benedictine and cigarettes,—wit that is woefully discounted in the diner's recollection next morning, but no matter,—and a certain jollying faculty, go to make up his enviable success.

Once or twice a month the club lays itself out to entertain some distinguished literary man, artist or actor. Then the Chevalier is seen in all his glory, and the aisles between the dining tables are thronged three-deep with supernumerary guests.

I have tasted the Chevalier's hospitality and I protest. I am not ungrateful. It is not indeed that I love him less but that I admire him more, which induces me to give his delicious secret to the world.

The Chevalier—it is with tears I say it—the Chevalier, so envied for his gift of facile speech by the submerged *litterati*, so beloved by the histrionic young persons to whom he has afforded opportunity of acting and applause, so esteemed by the occasional guest as a man of tact and discernment,—the Chevalier, alas! is working for a rake-off from the house.

I had indeed observed some peculiar correspondence between the Chevalier and the head waiter—nay, even between the Chevalier and the proprietor, a man whom, not unmindful of truth, you would easily pronounce to be a Jew. But I revolted as the ugly fact insinuated itself. "Oh, no!" I said, "don't tell me. It can't be!"

I was thinking of a late occasion at the club when the most famous novelist in America was the guest of honor. I recalled the Chevalier, his face radiant with joy, his breast swelling with pride, as he rose to present the distinguished guest. Some of his well turned phrases ran through my mind. The man was indisputably a gentleman: to think of him as a sort of *tout* was horrible. "No," I repeated, "it can't be so. I won't believe it."

My informant offered proof that I could not gainsay. "And a rich graft it is," he added sympathetically. "I don't suppose the Chevalier touches less than a hundred a week out of it."

After all, I wonder if the scheme hit upon by the Chevalier be not as legitimate as many others that contrive to escape definition in the Penal Code? I do not believe the members of the club would blame the Chevalier for his rake-off. Not more than two or three of them are in the secret. As for the rest, they are certainly grateful to the man for their Sunday night diversion. He helps them to think better of themselves. He has given some of them, with an itch for performing, the only public they have ever known. And from time to time his genius has brought within their ken some persons of real celebrity.

And really, if you come to it as a matter of casuistry, could these persons of real celebrity honestly vote to turn down the Chevalier after accepting his entertainment and also his compliments which so accurately reflected their self-esteem? Did they not attend for their own sakes more than for his? Were their own motives so absolutely free from reproach?

Then the ladies, the kind, beautiful ladies, so graciously thankful to the Chevalier for giving them a little harmless peep into *la vraie Boheme*, would they repudiate the dear fellow on hearing the sad truth? And *nous autres*, who think we know, can we blame the Chevalier because he has simply mastered a principle of human nature and exploits his income accordingly?

Vanitas vanitatum! I have written thus far when a note bearing the Chevalier's familar sign-manual is dropped on my desk. It contains a pressing invitation to meet the greatest American poet, Mr. Homo Sarculo, at the club next Sunday evening.

Of course, I feel that I must not go and be a party to the Chevalier's little game. Say it is not really criminal, yet one's sense of honor is weakened by conniving at it. Decidedly I shall not go. But then I think of the

Bohemian atmosphere, the friendly and beautiful ladies who smile and speak to you, *sans* introduction, the cocktails and Benedictine for which the house is justly famous, the coon songs and speeches—my own perhaps—alas!

NEW YORK, March 26th, 1902.

MUSINGS OF A DEBUTANTE.

BY HARRY W. WALKER.

I WONDER why mamma is so anxious to marry me off? Husbands in society do not seem to cut any figure at all. They always sit in the back of the box where they can't see anything, and I am sure at coming-out teas they are nowhere. Their names are not even mentioned. They are not expected to visit and it is considered quite sufficient for wives to leave their cards. Their clothes are never described at parties and they could stop all evening in the smoking-room without being missed. I wonder what Mrs. Transit meant when she said every husband had his understudy? What is the use of having an understudy when you have no part to speak of? Last summer we visited Mrs. Aylesworth at her place up the Hudson and I noticed a little, pale man who came to the table sometimes, but whom no one spoke to much; I thought he was a poor relation or a private secretary or something, and supposed, of course, that Mrs. Aylesworth was a widow, until I overheard, accidentally, that he was Mr. Aylesworth. When I asked mamma what was the use of a husband of the sort she said it was "such a protection." Now, I really don't see where the protection comes in, for a small fire took place while we were there and it was Mr. Redding, one of the bachelor guests, who carried Mrs. Aylesworth out in his arms, she in a beautiful tea-gown, all silk and ruffles. Mr. Aylesworth, I heard later, was almost suffocated in his bedroom. Another thing about husbands is that they are always at the office or club when you want them. Even if you call them up on the telephone they have always just gone out to luncheon and the person who answers doesn't know when they will get back. They must eat huge luncheons. I asked Mr. Carter, the other day, if he thought girls ought to marry and he said, yes, he thought so; that he really never enjoyed his women friends until they were married. He is so droll. Surely at a wedding there is no one receives such scant attention as the husband. And at the reception afterward no one notices him at all. It is for this reason, I suppose, men who are about to be married give gay bachelor dinners to their ushers, as a last fling, for, of course, they have no more good times afterward.

Husbands are so prosaic and lose all the sentiment they ever had soon after the wedding. It is like that Frenchman who said that every girl who marries loses a lover. And yet, in the face of all these awful things, mamma is forever trying to marry me off. She won't let any but eligible men come to the house and if I am dancing with some nice, jolly fellow who never thinks about love-making, or that nonsense, and who couldn't even if he wanted to, because he hasn't a sou (always the nicest kind), she comes up and says: "Come Beatrice, darling, you look quite fagged, or something of the kind, and drags me off to talk or dance with old Mr. Coupon, whom I loathe. I wonder why I must have a husband? If it is a weak, insignificant creature, like Mr. Aylesworth, one might as well not have one at all. I am sure he doesn't count. Perhaps he *does* pay the bills—but what of that? There's always somebody to pay the bills. Mamma's dressmaker says Mrs. Transit's husband never pays hers, but somebody must, or madame wouldn't go on making for her all the time as she does. Besides, I don't need any protector. I shouldn't think the men themselves would want to become husbands when they cut such a mean figure in society if they are only to be Mrs. So-and-So's husband. There must be something I don't understand, for all the other girls' mothers are just as anxious to marry them off. We are dressed up and put forward and carried abroad and north and south and east and west and

The Mirror

all for what? Just to have "Mrs." on our visiting cards! It's the queerest thing, and I don't see why it wouldn't be just as well to buy a stick of furniture as a stick of a husband. We could get quite as much use out of it. If only we could just dance and have a good time and not have to think about husbands at all! But, anyway, if I do have to be married off to somebody like Mr. Aylesworth, I hope there'll be a nice, good-looking fellow like Mr. Redding always around to make things lively.

SHADOWS CAST BEFORE.

BY EDMOND HARAUCOURT.

"O little did my mither think,
When first she cradled me,
That I should dee sae far frae hame
Or hang on a gallows tree.

(Refrain)

Last nicht there were three Maries;
This nicht there'll be but three:
There was Marie Beaton, an' Marie Seaton,
An' Marie Carmichael an' me."

Old Scotch ballad

ONE day in the early part of the year, the city of Arras was holding high festival. The bells had carolled forth, from Saint-Waast to Saint-Nicholas echoing each other, since early dawn, and the bronze peals falling on the city roofs made the eaves vibrate with the sound-waves. The dark, narrow streets, decked with flags and streamers, adorned with tapestries and garlanded with flowers, gleamed resplendent under the gray sky. All the world was abroad in Sunday attire; the peasants had donned their shoes with silver buckles, and their wives, in silken pompadour gowns, posed before their mirrors with the air of real marquises; the little girls guarded their curl-papers till the last moment, that their ringlets might not be undone before the appointed hour, and the small boys, impatient, peered from the half-opened doors, and called to each other across the streets.

"Has he come?"

"Not yet, but he's coming."

"Is it sure, then?"

"Sure! The couriers are already at the place. They have big boots on."

"Mamma, the couriers have arrived."

A great event assuredly! Monseignor the Dauphin of France has been expected for the last three days. He is passing through the city and will stay over to attend mass at Saint-Waast: the abbe has announced it; the Dauphin's confessor has promised it to the abbe. And the charming Dauphiness will be with the Dauphin. They say she is so beautiful! It is a great honor for the country for, doubtless, the young couple will soon succeed to the throne, since Louis XV is so very ill.

"What will be his name, when he becomes king?"

"Louis XVI, of course."

"And that of his wife?"

"Marie Antoinette: she is eighteen years old."

"And he is not yet twenty. It's fine to be a king so young."

"Ah! the youth will make a good ruler."

So the comments mingle, and the whole populace is in happy mood, as they rush about and join in friendly knots in the streets. The Flemish countenances beam with smiles. Already the people of the lower ranks crowd in front of the old city palace. They exchange gossip and speculate concerning the coming royal guests, while those who affect to hold relations with the nobility at Versailles describe the prince and princess, their characteristics, doings and daily life.

"You have seen her? . . . She has such fine color, and such beautiful skin—they say the daylight shines through it, it is so transparent . . . And so joyous! She is always laughing . . . Especially with M. d'Artois. . . They ride in the park on donkeys. . . On donkeys? You must not

take us for dolts and tell us such stupid yarns as that, queens ride on horses, not on donkeys. Shut up! You don't know what you are talking about. Queens ride any way they want to; they have their choice of mount, probably. . . Is it true that she deceives him? . . . Be quiet! What if someone should hear you! . . . I have been told, on good authority, however, that at night she . . . Such adventures! Does he permit that? . . . She tells him it is the custom in Austria. . . Do you mean to say he is not the master? . . . They say he adores her. . . Well, I can tell you that if I was a king's son my household would show respect to my name . . . He will make a good king, and not haughty, either; he practices the locksmith's profession in his chamber . . . So they tell you. Go there and see. . . More likely he does that to keep thin. . . He studies with a genuine workman, who is one of our people and who is teaching him the trade. . . As for me, I like that: kings should learn to do something useful . . ."

The roll of the drums, from afar, and the shrill notes of the fifes gladden the air; the sky has cleared and a cloudless blue dome, so thin and pale as to be of a mauve tinge, is spread over the joyous scene. From Vinocq street comes a loud cry, which is taken up by the multitude and swells into a glad shout:

"The coach!"

In the square, every voice repeats: "The coach."

Instantly, like so many automata, the people of quality, costumed richly, emerge from the palace through the dark opening of the great portal and range themselves between the stone pillars; the bishop stands in the center with the abbe of Saint-Waast at his right and, back of them, all about them, bright-hued silks rustle as their wearers seek their places; above, the seven arches curve away into the dusk; at the back of the scene a group of little girls clothed in white, resemble a large cluster of marguerites growing in a cave.

Suddenly, the musicians, grouped in a corner, strike up a waltz and at the sound the dragoons draw up in line on the square at a gallop. Back of them, between the horses' heads, some object glistens sharply, reflecting the sun: it is the top of the coach. The people rise on the tips of their toes, and the double column of dragoons forms a double echelon on the center while the royal carriage advances to the carpeted front; the mounted guards lean towards the two curtains.

First the Dauphiness descends. She stands at the foot of the steps, smiling already. The Dauphin follows after, clad in brown. A welcome shout rises from the windows and the square; from the pavements and the walls rings out a hearty cheer, a cry of welcoming love, a filial reception tendered to the young couple, the little queen and king of the future.

They can be plainly seen now; he with a serious air, a little wan and weary, with goggle eyes; she, on the contrary, stands with erect figure, as though challenging fate, looking around with level gaze from under her high-arched eyebrows; her mouth savors of kisses; her head ripples o'er with sunlit curls, under the sweeping plumes of her hat; everything about her is vibrant with life, even her dress; the people have eyes but for her, and the hurrahs of public welcome die out softly into murmurs of tenderness.

The woman of her is sensible of this love; she turns, smiling, towards a third figure which has alighted from the coach, an attenuated, trembling, shrinking figure whose eyes fill with tears at seeing the triumph of her adored friend: it is Madame de Lamballe. She is the most disconcerted of them all, and whispers to the Dauphiness:

"Every one loves you as soon as they see you."

At these words some pleasant reminiscence stirs the depths of her memory and the princess smiles again:

"Shall you be jealous, perhaps?"

"Oh! no, I am most happy to see you loved."

Meanwhile, the coach, at the order of an officer, has withdrawn from the square and Monseignor d'Arras has advanced to welcome the guests: the young Dauphiness

has saluted with gracious reverence, and the prelate, whose lips move, and who is doubtless speaking, bows again from one side to the other, in a series of rapid, amiable nods.

Then the white cortege of little girls advances with military precision and swift step: the two tiniest, at the signal of the bishop, come forward and stop abruptly, presenting the Dauphiness with a huge bouquet and a porcelain bonbonniere of Arras, whereon are painted delicate blue palms. Marie Antoinette stoops and kisses the foreheads of the children, at which the crowd bursts into cheers. Louis turns and gravely lifts his hat; but the future queen, with a coquettish gesture, wafts a friendly, joyous salute from the tips of her fingers.

She says to Lamballe: "The friendship of the people warms one's heart."

Then: "Take this bouquet, it is heavy."

Suddenly, she laughs outright, adding in low tones: "See how unhappy the poor Dauphin is in his tight collar."

In fact, Louis seems somewhat ill at ease and, at intervals, he raises his chin, turning his neck towards his shoulder to free it from the pressure of his collar. But now he has disappeared from the view of the outsiders and passed under the vaulted roof, the escort closing in behind him.

The great hall in the old chateau is dimly lit; on a raised dais two arm-chairs await the illustrious guests. The Prince is scarcely seated when, with a movement of the hand, he signifies his readiness for presentation of the notables. Uttered with sacerdotal unction, the Flemish names fall heavily on the silence, and each one is accompanied by a bow, silently executed in the dusk of the room, by the personage named.

Then, at a signal, a young man advances, awkward and embarrassed, holding a paper in his trembling hand.

"Oh!" exclaims the Princess under her breath, "some verses!"

But the poem is in Latin. In thin, shrill tones the youth pours forth his verse, and the abbe of Saint-Waast, accentuating the rhythm with little nods, signalizes its meagre beauties: he is proud of his pupil and watches its effect on the Dauphin, who is still strangling from his collar.

The lines go on interminably, proclaiming the majesty of the throne, the happiness of a people under the sway of a wise king, and the prophecy of a bright future. Little by little, the orator gains assurance; sometimes a phrase rings out with vehemence.

Marie Antoinette, to compensate herself for not understanding, closely examines the thin, dried-up-looking, little man, with his wooden gestures.

"He will break; I know he will," she whispers to Lamballe.

The collegian feels that he is being ridiculed and is confused for a second, but regains his composure quickly: for a moment as he raises his head his bilious countenance is seen, with its receding forehead, sharp nose and glaucous eyes, and his gaze has encountered that of the Princess. Marie Antoinette, surprised in the midst of her jesting, suddenly ceases her smiling, and Louis, annoyed, frowns darkly; perhaps it is to regain countenance that he insinuates one of his fingers between his neck and the collar that is choking him.

The homily continues slowly. The Dauphin forces himself to take in the sense of a few phrases, in order to guess at the rest. At length the poem finishes.

"We thank you, monsieur abbe, for the beautiful ovation and welcome you have extended to madam the Dauphiness and myself. This young man is, doubtless, one of your pupils?"

"And one of our worthiest, Monseignor. An orphan raised by us, he has repaid us by his zeal and courage, for we hope later to offer him to your highness as a devoted retainer of your throne."

"You must send him to Paris, Monsieur abbe, where his talents will be developed."

"We shall provide him with means."

Nugent's WASH FABRICS

Many of our patterns are not duplicated in this city, nor can we duplicate them after these are sold.
Most of the higher priced goods are exclusive.

Fancy Woven Sea Island Madras in new and stylish patterns for shirt waist and dresses, at **12¹/₂c yard**

Plain white corded Madras in single and cluster stripes, also in Mercerized effects, 35c, 25c, 20c and **15c yard**

Silk Mixed Zephyrs, beautiful new fabrics, checks and dots in oxblood, pink, ecru, new blues and steel grays.....At **20c yard**

Colored Linen Suitings in the new shades of blues, greens, reds, steel and oxblood, At 50c, 35c and **25c yard**

Linen Madras—Very choice styles in fancy woven effects for shirt waist in the new colorings..... **35c yard**

45-inch Silk Embroidered Swisses—beautiful new designs in black and white, pinks, blues, greens and linen color..... **50c yard**

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company. Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

"It will be a meritorious act."

The Prince, in accepting the poem which is offered him, turns to the young man, and their blue eyes meet for a second time.

"What is your name, Monsieur?"

"Maximilian de Robespierre."

"Ah well! we shall meet again, perhaps. . ."

The youth bows. And, again, Louis inserts his finger in the neck-band of his collar.

Englished for The Mirror by A. Lenalie.

EVOLUTION'S UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

BY FRANCIS LEGGE.

"**M**ONERA begat Amoebæ, Amoebæ begat Synamœbæ, Synamœbæ begat Ciliated Larva, Ciliated Larva begat Primæval Stomach Animals, Primæval Stomach Animals begat Gliding Worms, Gliding Worms begat Soft Worms, Soft Worms begat Suck Worms, Suck Worms begat Skull-less Animals, Skull-less Animals begat Single-nostrilled Animals, Single-nostrilled Animals begat Primæval Fish, Primæval Fish begat Mud Fish, Mud Fish begat Gilled Amphibians, Gilled Amphibians begat Tailed Amphibians, Tailed Amphibians begat Primæval Amniota, Primæval Amniota begat Primary Mammals, Primary Mammals begat Pouched Animals, Pouched Animals begat Semi-Apes, Semi-Apes begat Tailed Apes, Tailed Apes begat Man-like Apes, Man-like Apes begat Ape-like Men, Ape-like Men begat Man."

Such is the genealogy that an American divine has compiled from the works of Haeckel, and although some modification might be suggested for one or two of the links in the chain, there is no doubt that, taken as a whole, it is substantially correct. It is quite true that only the early part of the evolutionary process thus summarized has been observed in operation, and—unless the expedition lately dispatched to Java to search for the *Pithecanthropus Erectus* should prove successful, or the recently announced discovery of extensive remains of the same animal in Croatia can stand investigation—the later, and to us most interesting, links may always be missing. But whether or not the whole of the process can ever be scientifically demonstrated with regard to the race, there can be no doubt of it with regard to the individual. Embryology teaches that all of us before birth go through most, if not all, of these changes of form, and the fact may be taken as one of those which are, as the phrase goes, definitely acquired by science.

It is, however, when we begin to inquire the cause of these changes from one form into another that science finds itself at fault. What was it that compelled the moneron—

to begin at the very beginning—so to modify his own very simple structure as to give birth to the more complex *amœba*? Darwin's answer, that it was due to the severe struggle for subsistence that allowed only the fitter forms to survive, no doubt accounts for much, but he never himself contended that this was in itself sufficient reason for all the changes that have taken place in the forms of animals. For that matter, it is plain that by no means all these changes fulfil any useful purpose, and that the varieties of coloring, for instance, that we see in dragon-flies are in no way connected with the survival of the fittest. To this some of Darwin's successors, among whom Romanes is distinguished, have added what they call isolation, which is indeed the method adopted by the human breeder when he wishes to produce a breed of short-legged sheep, and therefore prevents the progeny of the shortest-legged pair that he can find from running with their longer-legged cousins. But this, though it is undoubtedly one of the most powerful causes of the preservation of a variation found useful to the species in which it occurs, in no way accounts for the way in which that variation was originally brought about. Moreover, isolation acts quite as much for the preservation of useless variations as of useful ones, as in the case of the penguins or wingless birds of the South Seas, who, being shut up in islands where food was plentiful and wings of no use to them, found them atrophy until they had returned to the rudimentary stage. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for the cause that originally set the evolutionary process in operation.

On the other hand, the answer of a rival school of biologists is equally plain, and, it must be said, equally unsatisfactory. The followers of Darwin's great predecessor, Lamarck—among whom Mr. Herbert Spencer is perhaps the chief—will have it that changes in the structure of an animal are brought about, principally, though not entirely, by the action upon it of its surroundings. Thus, the long neck of the giraffe is due, according to them, to the fact that the beast has to perpetually stretch upward to the tree on which grows its food, while the swan, who feeds on roots and weeds growing under water, comes in time to provide himself with an even more elongated spinal column for a similar purpose. To this it is objected that modifications of structure produced after birth are never transmitted to an animal's descendants, and in support of this objection there are adduced the cases of the Australian "black-fellows," who have for ages knocked out their front teeth without their children being born with less than the usual number of incisors; and of the Jews, who have preserved into modern times the practice of a ritual mutilation which shows no sign of perpetuating itself spontaneously. I have never myself been quite convinced of the validity of these instances, because there is little doubt that physical

habits having, as seems likely, their immediate cause in some microscopic alteration of a brain cell, although in the first instance due to the environment, are, unlike mutilations, transmitted to descendants, and it may therefore be that the non-transmission of mutilations is due to some other cause as yet unnoticed. But the objection that like changes in the environment do not always produce like modifications of structure seems to be in a different category, and, if it can be proved, to dispose altogether of the theory that modifications are mainly caused by the surroundings. Thus, we are told that when sea-animals first became land-animals, their air-bladders, which before served them for swimming purposes, changed into lungs. But when the tree-climbing perch comes on shore he literally "takes the air," not by means of his swim-bladder, but by a special apparatus of folded plates in a cavity above his gills. So, too, the land-crab has small gills, and breathes mainly through his bronchial cavity, while his relation the coconut-crab has an apparatus in his gills lined with lung-substance and not very different from that of the climbing perch. Unless it can be shown that these discrepancies correspond to related changes in the environment, the theory that it is this last which chiefly brings about modifications of structure must, I think, go by the board.

There remains one explanation, which has been indicated rather than put forward, by Captain Hutton, of New Zealand, and which certainly deserves attention. That change of food has great influence in bringing about change of structure appears in the case of bees and wasps, and is familiar to every gardener, who knows that his variegated ivy will soon return to its unadorned or "self-colored" leaves if it be placed in too rich a soil. It is therefore suggested that it may have been some change of diet which first compelled the moneron to take on the characteristics of the *amœba*, and thus begin the upward march which "differentiated" him into man. It has even been said, I think, that there may have been present at the first commencement of animal life upon this planet certain unknown gases (or perhaps only certain unknown compounds of known gases) that have not appeared here since, and that it was by feeding upon them that the primary animal found himself transformed. This does not seem a very likely guess to a chemist, although the experiments which Dr. Leduc, of Nantes, is now conducting into the behavior of ferrocyanide of potassium, which seems under certain conditions to take on some of the forms of protoplasm, may give it some support. But unless this apparent change of a mineral into animal form be really established I am afraid that this theory also must be pronounced insufficient, and that to the question, "What first set the evolution of animal forms in motion?" we can only reply that we do not know.

LOCAL POLITICS.

Governor Dockery's appointment of Louis P. Aloe as Election Commissioner is a good one. Mr. Aloe is a reputable business man. His appointment strengthens the Kerens faction of Republicans and it bodes evil to Congressmen Joy and Bartholdt, both of whom Kerens is determined to turn down for renomination if he can. Mr. Aloe's appointment is taken by some people to indicate that Mr. Nathan Frank will be the Republican nominee for Congress in the Twelfth district.

"Jim" Butler will be renominated for Congress in the Twelfth district and it is probable that he will be supported openly and enthusiastically by the Jefferson Club leaders, notwithstanding talk to the contrary. Butler's ejection from Congress does not count with the party workers, they will vote for Jim to get the old boss' aid for the only ticket in November.

Governor Dockery's appointment of Ralph Orthwein as Circuit Clerk was a surprise. Mr. Orthwein is a blood with lots of money. He was discovered as a political factor by Tony Stuever and he was appointed with the approval of President Hawes of the Jefferson Club. The alliance between Stuever and Hawes is significant of the fact that Stuever has left the Butler faction and tied up with Hawes. This would indicate that Hawes has secured control of the City Central Committee. Tom Barrett's faction in the Committee is still unreconciled with either the Butler or the Hawes faction. Tom seems to think that he is in demand from both sides and that he can name his own terms to the faction with which he may ultimately ally himself.

Adiel Sherwood is being spoken of as a candidate for the Democratic nomination in the Eleventh district.

Much interest is taken by the local politicians in the new daily paper, *The World*, edited by Alfred H. Spink. They say that it is backed by Edward Butler, James Campbell, Tom Connor and the Kinloch Park racing crowd. It is intimated that it may develop into a Meriwether public ownership anti-Jefferson Club organ. All the talk about the paper helps it into public prominence. It is a good paper, but it has not yet disclosed its local political policies.

The John A. Lee boom for the next Democratic nomination for Governor is assuming big proportions out in the State and the city politicians are beginning to take notice of it.

The Committeeman.

LITERARY NOTES.

Apropos of the forthcoming centennial of the "Louisiana Purchase," Sheppard Stevens, of St. Louis, author of "I am the King" and "The Sword of Justice," has written "In the Eagle's Talon," which Little, Brown & Co. will publish in the spring. Her new book is a romance of the Louisiana purchase, and the principal scenes are laid in the Middle West and in Paris.

"Truth Dexter," by Sidney McCall, which was one of the fiction successes of 1901, is to be brought out in England this spring.

The Indian is destined to play a prominent part in the new spring novels. One of the half-dozen books in which the aborigines appear is "The Heroine of the Strait," by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of "A Daughter of New France." Miss Crowley's latest book is a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac; and, in the last chapter, she

recalls the final days of the Ottawa chief. After the siege of Detroit, Miss Crowley says:

"Pontiac came to the strait, made a treaty with the conquerors, and the following spring smoked the peace-pipe with Sir William Johnson, at Niagara. Thence he went to live with the French at St. Louis, where he adopted the dress of a military officer, wearing on occasion the uniform that had been presented to him by the gallant Marquis de Montcalm. One day he was followed from a feast into the woods, and assassinated by an Illinois Indian, who had been hired to kill him by an English trader, the price of the crime being a barrel of rum. To-day in the city of St. Louis a tablet to the memory of the kingly Ottawa hangs in the hall of the Southern Hotel, a few feet from the spot where he was buried with military honors. Well was he called 'the great chief,' for although in his cruelty, his cunning and vindictiveness he was a savage, he gave his strength and all his remarkable resources for his country and his people."

Little, Brown & Co., will publish this spring a book by a new and promising Western author which is destined to attract considerable attention. Frances Charles, a Californian, has written a tale of the Southwest, entitled "In the Country God Forgot." The hate of a rich old rancher of Arizona for his only son is the theme of the story. There are clever bits of philosophy, ably drawn character-sketches, and stirring dramatic scenes; and the whole book is brimful of human nature.

FAREWELL BY PROXY.

A very original parting between a husband and his wife took place at the steamers' dock, Liverpool, lately. The lady was about to make a voyage to New York to spend her holidays with some relations there, while her husband stayed at home to work and supply her with the necessary funds. After placing his wife on a Cunard liner the husband withdrew to the landing-stage, and addressed a group of men who were loitering about in the following terms:

"Which of you would like to earn a couple of shillings?"

Two or three answered in the affirmative, and the gentleman, after selecting his man, gave the following orders:

"You see that lady, dressed in black, standing at the ship's side? Well, that is my wife. She will expect me to stand for at least twenty minutes and wave my handkerchief to her until the ship is out of sight. You understand? I have no time to waste; my wife is very short-sighted, so it will do just as well if you take my place."

"And if the lady looks through a telescope?"

"I have thought of that. Bury your face in your handkerchief as if overcome with emotion."

"That will cost half a crown extra."

"All right. Time is more valuable to me than money. Only do what I tell you. You may, in case she looks through a telescope, throw in a few hand-kisses at, let us say, sixpence each."

The merchant thrust the money into the man's hand, and, hurriedly looking at his watch, departed.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Following the
Dissolution of
Two Important
Competitors,
We have, in order
to meet the demands
of Our Increasing
Business,

Enlarged Our Store Space,
Enlarged Our Manufacturing
Plant,
Increased Our Force of Salesmen,
Added an Up-to-Date Stationery
Department,
And Nearly Doubled the Size of
Our Stock.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

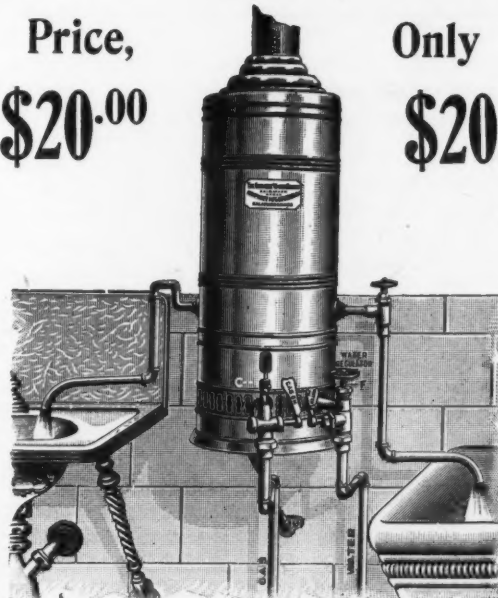
MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Seventh and Locust Streets.

The Humphrey Crescent Instantaneous Water Heater.

Price,
\$20.00

Only \$20
Hot Water the Instant You
Require it.



Invaluable for Baths and
Domestic Use.

The luxury of Hot Water in any quantity night or day.

The Finest, Most Perfect and
Efficient Made.

Reduce your gas bills by using this
the finest system known for producing
hot water.

No Home Complete Without an
Instantaneous Water Heater.

See it in practical operation at

Backus Building.

1011 Olive St.

Usona Hotel

CORNER KING'S HIGHWAY AND McPHERSON AVENUE.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN • CAFE.

STRICTLY HIGH CLASS.

FRANK M. WHITE, Manager.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and West Belle Place.

Absolutely Fire-Proof. • Strictly High Class. • Both Plans.

RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

The Marlborough

Family Hotel.

Kinloch A 1905. 4056 McPherson Ave.

HASKINS & SELLS.

Certified Public Accountants,

No. 30 Broad Street, New York.

LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.
CHICAGO. LONDON.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mr. E. D. Rae has returned from Hot Springs. Mrs. Clark Kennerly is visiting friends in Mobile, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nugent have returned from Hot Springs.

Mrs. Theodore W. Waller has returned from a Southern tour.

Miss Ida Crouch is the guest of Miss Mitchell, in Racine, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris B. Gregg, have returned from Hot Springs.

Mrs. Gracia Walton, of Greenville, Miss., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. E. Dorsheimer and Miss Ella Dorsheimer are at Eureka Springs.

Miss Philo Larnec, of New Jersey, is the guest of Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison.

Congressman and Mrs. Charles F. Joy are visiting St. Louis friends.

Mrs. William Rae and her children have returned from Citronville, Ala.

Mrs. A. W. Benedict is entertaining Miss Helen Morgan, of Evanston, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan have returned from a tour of the Southern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. O'Reilly have returned from a trip to New Orleans and Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ware are entertaining Mrs. Harry Wilson, of Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. C. N. Markle and Miss Lucy Markle have returned from San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

Mrs. Loraine Jones has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Coles, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barr, of Barnold, New Jersey, are on their annual visit to St. Louis.

Mrs. Jesse Boogher, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hill, has returned from San Antonio, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Yost, assisted by Miss Bessie Morse, gave a World's Fair party last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson are passing the spring months at their country place at Commerce, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Purdy have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Lotta Lee Purdy and Mr. Harris.

A large euchre party was given on Tuesday afternoon at the Mercantile Club, by Mrs. John L. Phelps, and Mrs. Richard Mills.

Mrs. R. B. Dula, accompanied by Misses Rena and Belba Dula, has returned from Hot Springs, Ark. Miss Flora Dula is in California, but will return this month.

Mr. Loraine Jones, of Kirkwood, will sail for Europe, April 14th, with his two daughters, Misses Churchill and Fontaine Jones, under the chaperonage of Miss Mattie Edwards.

Mrs. B. G. Givens, accompanied by Mesdames Finis E. Marshall and Mrs. John H. Carroll, are in Kansas City, where they are being entertained by Mrs. Edward Swinney.

A large euchre party was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. John L. Phelps and Mrs. Richard O. Mills, at the Mercantile Club. There were about one hundred and fifty guests present.

Mrs. Amedee V. Reyburn, Jr., will give a luncheon, on Friday afternoon, in honor of a number of her school friends. Mrs. Reyburn entertained, on Monday afternoon, with a luncheon in honor of her school friend, Miss Nell Sutter.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Maude Wells, daughter of Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells, and Mr. Clark Streett. Miss Wells graduated only recently from the Mary Institute. The wedding will take place some time in the fall.

An engagement recently announced is that of Miss Sue Robertson, of Mexico, Mo., and Mr. Fred Brunaugh. Miss Robertson has frequently visited Mrs. Paul Brown and is well known socially. The wedding will take place in the fall immediately upon Mr. Brunaugh's return from Europe.

Miss Edna Moss and Mr. Horace Holt Barker, of New York, will be married, April 9th, at the church of the Messiah; the ceremony taking place at eleven o'clock in the morning. Miss Althea Somerville will attend the bride as maid of honor and Mr. Frederick Whiting will be the groom's best man. The young couple will live in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Michel sent out cards last week for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Celeste Michel, and Dr. Philip Von Phul, which will take place on Thursday, April 10th, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, at five o'clock in the afternoon. After the ceremony a reception will follow at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Michel, Miss Adelaide Von Phul and Miss Mary Nidelet

will attend the bride, as will also Misses Francine Lucas and Leila Martin.

The marriage of Miss Florence Newton and Mr. Lewis Rumsey took place Wednesday evening at St. George's Church, Rev. Dr. Holland officiating. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. W. P. Newton. Miss Evadne Rumsey attended the bride as maid of honor and Mr. Horace Rumsey served as best man. The ushers were, Messrs Stanley Stone, Arthur Stickney, Roy Clark, of Minneapolis, and Jim Nelson. Mr. and Mrs. Rumsey have gone to California.

Miss Grace Priest and Mr. William Grayson, will wed, Monday, April 10, at the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church, at 8 o'clock in the evening. There will be a reception afterwards at the home of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. H. S. Priest, of Westminster Place. Miss Lucile Howard will attend the bride as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Misses Mary Frances Boyce, Elise Sublette, Bertha Daly, of Toledo, Ohio, Madeline Hyde, of Bath, Maine, and Clara Frost, of Boston. The groomsmen and ushers will be Messrs. George Priest, Arthur Stickney, Charles Bascom, Arthur Corbett, John McCluney, Sam McCluney and Graham Wilson. The bride and groom will leave after the reception for Europe.

The marriage of Miss Carrie Cook, and Mr. Edward Preetorius will take place Wednesday next. The ceremony will be performed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cook, on Washington avenue, and will be followed by a small reception. The bride will be attended by Misses Rena Dula, Elsie Ford, and Helen Noel. A number of entertainments were given the early part of the week in honor of Miss Cook and her bridal party. Miss Helen Noel gave her a luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, and Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom gave a box party to hear "Lohengrin," followed by a supper. Miss Elsie Ford entertained with a luncheon on Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Preetorius and his best man gave a dinner at the St. Louis Club, chaperoned by Mrs. Douglas Cook. Mrs. Paul Brown will give a luncheon this week at the St. Louis Club.

A wife once kissed her husband and said she, "Oh my sweet Will, how dearly I love thee." O tell me where's a lady, good or ill, that does not dearly love her own sweet will. That woman was all right; she had a will of her own. If the ladies of to-day will buy their shoes from Swope's, they will find that they are the best in the world,—best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

WHERE IS THE PHILANTHROPY?

Philanthropy that doubles the cost of a thing is rather expensive. Rather startling announcements have been made in some of the daily St. Louis papers that on the score of philanthropy, trees were to be donated to the citizens of St. Louis to beautify their streets and yards. At the wind-up, however, of this most liberal offer, the statement was made that parties taking the trees would be charged the cost of digging, packing, freighting, etc., which on trees of a certain size would amount to twenty-five cents each, and of a larger size at thirty-five cents each, and buyers are tumbling over each other to secure these philanthropically donated trees. The Board of Education is interested in securing the sale of them. This is only an evidence that the suckers are not all dead, even in the cities. If these would-be buyers would only make inquiries they could secure from persons here in St. Louis these same trees at much less price—nearly half the price they are paying for these donated trees. The Carolina poplar is the tree donated at twenty-five and thirty-five cents each, and trees of the same size can be bought here for \$15.00 to \$17.50 per hundred. They would be fresh from the ground and much more sure to grow. This tree is grown from cutting, is a very rapid grower and contracts to grow them at eight to ten cents each by the thousand of the same size would be gladly made by any of our

MERMOD & JACCARD'S
PURE SOLID SILVERWARE
ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR
EARLY SPRING WEDDINGS.



This beautiful Solid Silver Salt, in fluted design, with beaded edge, is shown here actual size, Price only \$2.25

MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
On BROADWAY COR. LOCUST.
Write for Catalogue.
7,500 Engs. Mailed Free.

nurserymen. This Cleveland philanthropy is very expensive. Some of our people may be suckers, but not all of them are.—*Colman's Rural World.*

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two letter monogram except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

LOCAL ART WORK.

The Third Annual Exhibition of architectural drawings, photographs, etc., under the auspices of the St. Louis Architectural Club, will be held in the galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts, from April 5th to the 13th, the galleries being open daily, except Sundays, from ten to five o'clock and on Sunday's from one to five. This exhibition will be of particular interest to the general public by reason of the fact that a great many of the drawings of the buildings and some of the general plans for the World's Fair will be exhibited. In addition to this exhibition the artists connected with the Artists' Guild will give a display of their work. This exhibition of the work of local artists will be very interesting, for every painter and sculptor of any importance in the city will be represented by one or more pictures on the walls. It is said that this will be the greatest local exhibition ever held here. The Artists' Guild and the local Architects have joined forces in order to bring out every good thing in the respective lines that may be in any of the studies. On the evenings from April 8th to 11th the ladies and gentlemen of the Artists' Guild will be present in committees for the proper entertainment of those who call to see the pictures. It is intended that this affair shall be one of social as well as artistic influence.

JEFFERIES, IMPORTER OF EXCLUSIVE AND ORIGINAL MILLINERY, Room 403, Mermod-Jaccard Building, Locust and Broadway.

Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days): "We're so glad you've been able to come, Mrs. Gushington; but I do hope we are going to have better weather, or I'm afraid you won't enjoy yourself much." Miss Gushington: "Oh, but, my dear Lady Boreham, we didn't come here to enjoy ourselves. We came to see you."—*Punch.*

The reputation of Mermod & Jaccard's Wedding Silverware is firmly established throughout America. It is as much a guarantee of value and artistic merit as "Sterling" is a guarantee that the silver is 925-1000 fine. Their name on a piece of silver insures that you have the latest and most artistic designs. It guarantees that no better goods are made.

TO CELIA.

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the Challenge Cup,
If Ping with Pong combine;
The craze, that in my soul doth rise,
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the role of Pinger up,
If thou'lt be Pongstress mine.

I send a table-tennis set
Not so much honoring thee,
As hoping thou thyself mayst share
This latest lunacy;
But if thou hat'st ball, racquet, net,
And send'st them back to me,
I'll sacrifice myself and swear
To cut Ping Pongery.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

Stops the Cough
and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

THE TEMPLE-BUILDING.

There was once a man who had seen the Parthenon, and he wished to build his god a temple like it.

But he was not a skillful man, and, try as he would, he could produce only a mud hut thatched with straw; and he sat down and wept because he could not build a temple for his god.

But one who passed by said to him:

"There are two worse plights than yours. One is to have no god; the other is to build a mud hut and mistake it for the Parthenon."—*Edith Wharton, in the Century.*

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant
OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

ADDRESS
Schoen's THE ODEON
OR
Orchestra Balmer & Weber's.
Latest Popular Music. Phone: LINDALL 1236

CAPTURED MAUSERS and MILITARY GOODS CATALOGUE, 1,000 Illustrations, Regular Cyclope mailed free. F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

CHATFIELD-TAYLOR'S NOVEL.

"The Crimson Wing," by Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, has for its setting the Franco-Prussian war and concomitant events. Readers of the MIRROR will remember that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is the society novelist supposed to have been satirized as *Spalding Wentworth* in "The Imitator." Portions of Mr. Taylor's descriptive passages are intensely interesting in a lower vein of journalese, and in general the work is built to the taste that riots in the bluggy book. Were stock situations all the author had to offer "The Crimson Wing" would be relegated to the back book shelf with scant ceremony. But the hero, a young man of Puritan descent, and a dazzling creature of the scarlet type, tainted with yellow, however, save it from the nadir of the supremely "rotten." He is a cavalier of round-head convictions deep set, who holds that the sterner sex should conform to restrictions laid upon the gentler sex, who contends that purity is a virtue to be held as sacred by man as by womankind. This male more-than-ascetic is lured into the boudoir of *Marguerite Clairon*, a ravishing beauty, with alluring smiles, a voice modulated to the softest of dulcet accents which yet can, in moments of excitement, ring clarion-like, and all that sort of thing. Amid luxurious draperies, redolent of intoxicating odors, is enacted a scene that, for its coloring, its delicately painted, dangerously *risque* "atmosphere," falls but little short of the fine writing about similar scenes in "Sir Richard Calmady." But *Ludwig*, heroically struggling with his baser nature, remains true to his ideals and emerges from the fiery ordeal—pure, unscathed! Then the story assumes a hue of pale, pellucid pink and proceeds to deal with war's alarms. *Marcelle*, the heroine, *Ludwig's* only love, permits her love for *Ludwig* to overmaster her love for her country *a la* Montagu and Capulet, and to save him betrays French plans. After permitting her German lover to escape from imminent peril, the heroine goes to warn the French army of the Prussians' propinquity. She is too late, and, to offset the effect, as she thinks, of her treason for love's sake, essays the role of second Joan of Arc, re-forms the demoralized troops, and leads them back upon the foe, and thenceforward, until about the closing chapter, the Alice-of-Old-Vincennes-Janice Meredith-Richard Carvelesqueness is brought into hard play. For a time, *Marcelle* is *Ludwig's* prisoner of war; the two enjoy each other's company and most exquisite agony of self-reproach. Then comes a separation with the understanding that when Prussia or France shall have gained the victory the twain will be made one. Again *Ludwig* plunges into battle, is wounded and when, after a long and severe struggle for life he awakens, whose form does he descry in the dimly-lighted sick-chamber but that of the Parisian vaudevillian, *Marguerite Clairon*! She is the angel of goodness who nurses him back to health, who then plays the siren to the villain of the story and the man whom she loathes, to save *Ludwig* from being captured and subjected to tortures worse than death. Mr. Taylor now attains to a high reach in the melodramatic. *Marguerite* wins the day; the villain is willing to forego vengeance upon *Ludwig* to secure the promise of her surrender. In a respite from the villain's

wooing she effects *Ludwig's* escape. The villain, an Italian, returns to claim his reward, only to find her dead. The vial of arsenic by the bed tells the tragic story. So the book ends, but whether *Ludwig* and *Marcelle* will ever "get each other" is left wholly to conjecture. Mr. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor certainly displays no originality save, possibly, in his delineation of the character, *Ludwig*, yet, withal, the story has no tedious lines and will be perused by "the average novel-reader" with much pleasure for its reminiscences of Hugh Conway, "La Tosca" and the dollar-dreadful-cut-to-ninety cents, and adjudged decidedly thrilling. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor can write a much better story, when he writes about something he knows. There are many worse stories than "The Crimson Wing." The author is almost too earnest in his treatment of time-worn incidents. The passionateness of the incidents, with *Marguerite* is too enthusiastically done to suit critical taste. But "The Crimson Wing" should be a seller from away back where the hustling publisher doesn't sit down. The book is well printed and attractively bound, and is published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

NEW CITY TICKET OFFICE.

MISSOURI PACIFIC-IRON MOUNTAIN SYSTEM
AT SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SIXTH AND
OLIVE STREETS.

The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route, having removed their city ticket office from the northwest corner of Broadway and Olive street, are now located in the Commercial Building, at the southeast corner of Sixth and Olive streets. The location is an ideal and attractive one for a railroad office, being one of the most prominent corners in the downtown business district.

The lease on the old quarters expired on March 31 and the tenant in the new did not move out until the middle of the month, so that lack of time prevented the carpenters and decorators from completing their work. Besides, the factories which will supply the new fittings and furniture have been delayed in their work, and City Passenger and Ticket Agent H. T. Berkley says it will be two or three weeks before the new quarters will be fitted up.

With such a desirable location, more space than in the old quarters, daintily decorated walls and ceiling, and handsome new fittings and furniture, the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain System will have one of the handsomest and best equipped railroad ticket offices in the West.

CHANCES WITH CARDS.

There are at least two apparently well-authenticated instances on record of a player at whist finding his hand to consist entirely of trumps; but one may be pardoned for doubting whether in these cases the cards can have been properly shuffled, when it is remembered that the chances against such a contingency are no less than 30,000,000 to 1. The chances against two partners holding all the red cards between them are said to be eight hundred millions of millions to one. Every man, when he takes up his cards at a game of whist, holds one out of 535,013,-

JEWELRY and SILVER

—FOR—

APRIL WEDDINGS.

A. Kurtzeborn & Sons,

JEWELERS,

310 NORTH SIXTH.

WE MAKE THEM.
WHAT?UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS and CANES.IT'S FROM
FACTORY
TO YOU.


Samenдорф
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A SAVING
WORTH TAKING.519
LOCUST.

Humphrey's Corner.

We take Special Pride in Our Boys' Department. We give it more attention than some stores give to all departments.

The materials are of the latest patterns, the colors are perfect, and the workmanship the best that skilled hands can make.

The Prices, everything considered, are the lowest.

Boys' Double-Breasted 2-Piece Suits.....	\$3.50 to \$15.00
Boys' Single-Breasted 2-Piece Belts.....	\$3.50 to \$15.00
Boys' Sailor Blouse Suits.....	\$3.50 to \$15.00

Children's Hats second floor.

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine,

St. Louis.

559,600 possible hands. As for the total number of variations possible among all the players, it is so enormous as almost to exceed belief. Mr. Babbage calculated that if a million of men were to be engaged dealing cards at the rate of one deal each minute, day and night, for a hundred million years, they would then have exhausted not all the possible variations of the cards, but one hundredth-thousandth part of them! And Mr. Proctor tries to put the same fact in a more intelligible form, thus: Imagine that each deal is represented by a tiny cube, the side of which measures one-millionth part

of an inch; and for every possible deal differing in some way from previous deals add one of those minute cubes to the others, so as to form one heap. The bulk of that heap of tiny cubes would be so large that (in cubic form) it would stretch to a distance seven thousand times as great as that which lies between the earth and the sun.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

FAUST & SONS.
Oyster and Restaurant Co.

We Control
and
Operate

5 PLACES.
viz :

Delmar Garden.
Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street.
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

MUSIC.

A NEW LIGHT FROM A LOFT.

It shines from the choir loft of the Second Baptist Church, and is a recent discovery—a sort of vocal Farmer's light. The new light is a soprano who occupies the place at the music rack that formerly belonged to Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham. She is a product of the Elder studio, a Miss Othelia Lang, whom nobody heard and of whom nobody knew anything, in a musical way, before she blazed out as the successor of Mrs. Cunningham, in the most prominent and desirable position a St. Louis church choir affords.

The Second Baptist Church's music committee has had "prima-donna troubles" in plenty, and seems prepared for any emergency, so, when the soprano and organist arrived definitely at their disagreeing agreement, during a rehearsal, and the lady positively refused to appear, Miss Lang, on recommendation of her teacher, was engaged to complete the quartet at the following Sunday service. The new singer's first appearance as soprano of the Second Baptist quartet created something of a sensation. During the first Anthem the music committee rubbed its eyes and stared—surprised, almost dismayed. Here was a young girl, entirely inexperienced, who had the temerity to "lead" with the aplomb and ease of a veteran, and who evidenced perfect security as to pitch and rhythm. Later in the service Miss Lang sang a solo and then the music committee's surprised stare changed to beaming satisfaction. After the service the committee waited on the young soprano and secured her services for the remainder of the year. Miss Lang's work since then has proved that her engagement was not an error of judgment. The new singer is a genuine find. She has a fresh, warmly colored, sympathetic, yet brilliant, voice, with prodigious top tones. Her production is easy and natural, and the strength and healthiness of her young organs, enable her to dominate, without effort, the three well-seasoned veteran voices with whom she sings. Miss Lang's vocal studies cover but a short period of time, and she is consequently far from a finished singer—the "became-a-prima-donna-over-night" theory does not lend itself to practical demonstration—but as near as it is possible to do it, Miss Lang has accomplished the impossible by filling satisfactorily, with very little preparation, the position formerly occupied by one of the oldest and most experienced singers in the city. She has all the requisites: voice, musical intelligence, youth, a pleasing presence and capacity for hard work. Miss Lang will bear watching, for, unless all signs fail, she will have a distinguished career.

NORDICA AND SOME ASPIRING LOCAL VOCALISTS.

Mme. Nordica returns to St. Louis next week for one of those interesting "farewell" recitals of which musical artists are so fond. Her programme will be composed almost entirely of operatic selections from the works of Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Thomas, Donizetti, Saint Saens, Erkel and Wagner—a terrifying undertaking. Katherine Fisk and the energetic little Romaine Simmons assist, as at the recital given here in December, but an almost startling innovation is the addition of some local "assistants." It is planned to end the concert with the battered, but be-

loved sextet, from "Lucia," and here is where the local lights come in for their "innings." Homer Moore, James Rohan and two budding singers, both pupils of Homer Moore, have been selected to help the "world renowned" prima donna in the Donizetti number.

Homer Moore and James Rohan are too well known to require comment, but a word concerning the embryo Campanini and Plancon may prove interesting. Mr. George Carrie, who is to sing the tenor part, possesses a voice of ringing quality, considerable power and extended compass. He is one of the few singers who can produce a chest high C, musically and effectively. Mr. James Garfield Stanley is a basso cantante with a compass extending from the low E flat to the high G flat. These young singers have operatic aspirations, but at present Mr. Carrie sings at the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church and Mr. Stanley is the basso in the quartet at the First Presbyterian Church.

LOHENGRIN.

Wagner has never been so well treated by the Castle Square Company as he is this week. "Lohengrin" is the opera, with Joseph Sheehan, Gertrude Rennyson, Winfred Goff and Ethel Houston Du Fre in the leading roles. Sheehan has never before sung the part here with the appreciation, the breadth, and repose, with which he interprets it this season. His artistic growth is more apparent in this work than in anything he has sung this winter.

Miss Rennyson sings *Elsa* superbly. One's respect for this artist grows with every hearing. In that vaudeville-ized "Sacred Bill" given Good Friday night, her singing of the "Hear ye, Israel!" aria from "Elijah" was the one legitimate and musically satisfying piece of work of the evening.

Goff's *Telramund* was the usual consistent, conscientious effort we have grown to expect from this young baritone.

Miss Du Fre's *Ortrud* showed careful study and much musical and dramatic intelligence. Her voice was fully equal to the throat-wrecking music which falls to her share.

The chorus was fine; the orchestra will improve.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS.

One of the most important musical events of the season will be the two concerts to be given by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra in the Odeon, Friday and Saturday evenings, April 4 and 5. Mr. Thomas is, without doubt, the most remarkable musical personality in America at the present time. Although he was born in Hanover, he came to the United States with his family when but ten years of age. His father taught him to play the violin, and when but twenty-one years old, he was a solo violinist and member of a concert company of which Jenny Lind was the star. For a number of years he was in a quartette with Mr. William Mason. His personality is so conspicuously dominating that the orchestras he has conducted during nearly forty years have been known as Thomas' orchestras, no matter what their real name may have been. This is true at the present time. The first of these organizations was formed in 1864, and the concerts were called "Symphony Soirees," an odd enough name in our ears. In 1878 Mr. Thomas assumed the directorship of the Cincinnati College of Music. He had already conducted music festivals

since 1852. From 1879 until 1891 he was conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1891 he took charge of the Chicago Orchestra. Mr. Thomas was the first to introduce in this country selections from the Wagner operas and music dramas. The Chicago Orchestra is acknowledged to have no superior in the entire world of music, and few equals, if any. It is supported by an association of Chicago business men whose reward is in the prestige and excellence of the orchestra. An interesting anecdote is told of Mr. Thomas which shows the entire confidence he had in himself, even at the outset of his career. Friday evening's performance includes: Tchaikowsky's Marche Slave, opus 31; the "Tannhauser" overture; Cesar Frank's Morceau Symphonique from the "Redemption;" Weber's "Invitation to the Dance;" Grieg's "Peer Gynt," suite No. 1; Saint Saens' "Phaeton;" Handel's "Largo;" the scherze of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Berlioz "Damnation of Faust." The Saturday concert will consist of Bach's Concerto D major, suite 3; Beethoven's Pastoral F major; Bruck's concerto No. 1. G minor for violin; Wagner's "Parsifal," selections; Tchaikowsky's overture to 1812. Mr. Wilhelm Middelschutte, of Chicago, will be at the organ on both evenings. On Friday evening Mr. Kramer will assist in the "Largo," and on Saturday evening Mr. Emil Bare will be the soloist.

CHORAL-SYMPHONY SOCIETY—"ST. PAUL."

The last regular concert of the season by the Choral-Symphony Society will be given on Thursday evening, April 3. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" will be given with a grand chorus of 250 voices, the Symphony Orchestra of sixty musicians and an extraordinary quartet of soloists, with Charles Galloway at the Odeon organ. Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, who made such a favorable impression in Verdi's "Requiem," at the first concert of the season, will be the soprano; Mrs. Lawrence O. Weakley will be the contralto, Mr. Homer Moore, baritone, and Dr. Ion Jackson, tenor. The chorus has been rehearsing for some time on this work and will appear in splendid form. This will be a grand triumphal close to a most successful season, considered artistically, and it is hoped that the Odeon will be packed on this occasion. The tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.'s office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.

Importers and Sellers of Fine Diamonds.

PROSPECTS—Rich Old Aunt: "Robert, I'm going to make my will. I think I shall leave you—(pause). Attentive nephew (eagerly): "Yes, aunt?" Aunt: "Before long."—Punch.

THE TRAVEL TO NEW YORK this Spring promises to be very large and the Lackawanna Railroad (the short line between Buffalo and New York) has arranged to take care of this business in the most comfortable and elegant manner. Through trains from St. Louis are operated in connection with the Wabash R. R. about which Mr. E. H. Coffin, City Passenger Agent of the Wabash, 8th & Olive streets, can give full information. Excellent connections are also made by the Clover Leaf Route, about which, please write or call upon Mr. Ed. Keane, Division Passenger Agent, 104 N. 4th street.

Elegance and Correctness

IN THE

Mills & Averill

Clothing for Men.

Our Ready to Wear Clothing has made its fame in St. Louis because of its universal excellence. Dictating the manner of making; so that the highest skill and utmost carefulness guide the production. Procuring for each garment, not only the maximum of smartness and perfection of fit, but so executing the details of construction—the hidden workmanship—that the smartness and fit stay with the garment during its long period of service.

Spring Suits,

\$10 to \$25

We Make Them.

Mills & Averill

TAILORING CO.,

[BROADWAY AND PINE ST.

Ask Your Grocer

FOR THIS BRAND

Sweet AND Tender NOT DRY AND SALTY



OUR HAMS and BREAKFAST BACON are selected and cured in this city with the greatest care and attention, and we guarantee them to give satisfaction. If your grocer does not keep OUR BRAND OF HAMS notify us, and we will give you the address of one that does.

SEE THAT THE ABOVE BRAND IS ON THE HAM. OTHER HAMS ARE SOMETIMES SOLD AS OURS.

COX & GORDON,

TELEPHONE 2209. 1019 SOUTH THIRD ST.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS Between Montreal and Liverpool and All European Ports. Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes. Regular Weekly Sailings. MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent, 110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

DAVID WARFIELD.

A great many local theater-goers, who have been despairing of the state of the American stage, must have lifted up their hearts in rejoicing during the last three or four evenings as they sat at the Olympic Theater and witnessed the performance of "The Auctioneer," by David Warfield and his company. This play of Mr. Warfield's is not much, considered as a play, but nevertheless it has realistic touches of that right sort which appeals to everybody. There is something about it that is even truer to life than the work upon which Mr. James A. Hearne based his fame. In fact, this country has never known anything that is exactly to be compared with it unless it was the series of "Squatter" plays produced about fifteen years ago by Edward Harrigan, beginning "The Mulligan Guards" and ending, if one remembers correctly, with "Waddy Googan."

We are all familiar, of course, with the work of David Warfield as a vaudeville performer. There is nobody on the American stage that approaches him in ability to portray the lower-class Jewish character in the Yiddish dialect. We have seen Mr. Zangwill's play, "The Children of the Ghetto," and admired its presentation of the Ghetto romance and tragedy with a little of comedy thrown in, but in this little play, written for Warfield, it is very easy to see that the authors stick much more closely to life, as it really lived, than does Mr. Zangwill, remarkable genius though he may be.

Warfield brings with him from the variety stage to the legitimate boards absolutely nothing of the coarseness and vulgarity with which the vaudeville performance is associated in the public mind. His presen-

tation of the character of *Simon Levi*, a second-hand clothing dealer and auctioneer, is as delicate a piece of character-portrayal as anyone can remember to have seen in St. Louis in a very long time. In the sordid surroundings of the Hester street quarters of New York this play shows us a great deal of beauty of life, to the general public wholly unsuspected. Of course there is a great deal of the Jew of tradition in the portrayal by Warfield, but over and above the rather commonplace jests, illustrating the Jew's cunning in trade and his grasping for money, there is shown not a little of true beauty of spirit. This Yiddish second-hand man loves his wife, adopts the daughter of a woman who was kind to him when he was ill, succeeds in business and leaves the slums for a home in Lexington avenue. He purchases some stock of a broker with a view to establishing the lover of his adopted daughter in the brokerage business. The stock turns out to be worthless; the girl's lover is arrested; the old Jew's money is swept away, and he returns to his beginnings, peddling toys on the street. The transformation of *Levi* from the old clothes man to the dweller on a fashionable thoroughfare, dressed in evening clothes and drinking champagne, affords abundant opportunity for the development of pleasant comedy along the lines of the specialty work in which we remember Warfield on the vaudeville stage. It is truly wonderful with what delicacy of touch Warfield handles every detail. Even in his crudest moments of unaccustomedness to his new "swell" surroundings there is a touch of real gentleness and fine feeling about everything he does. When indulging in the new luxury of drinking champagne with *Mrs. Eagan* and they both are overcome by the beverage, the scene of the presentation of intoxication is actually charming. It takes skill of the very finest sort to make the portrayal of drunkenness in the least tolerable to an audience. Warfield and *Mrs. Davis* in this scene are absolutely above criticism. It was of course to be expected that a "specialty artist" would be able to elaborate his rougher "business" satisfactorily into somewhat higher form of comedy, but Warfield does more than this. When the Jew is at his happiest moments his chief joy is in the fact that his good wife *Esther* is happy, and the little love scene in which he pinches her cheeks and kisses her during a lull in the festivities attendant upon the opening of his new mansion, is a piece of work than which no one can remember anything finer or more delicately touching on the local stage. When he makes up his mind to leave the old auction shop and closes up for the last time after tricking his brother-in-law into buying the place, there is a scene between himself and his wife in which there are scarcely ten words uttered, but in wonderful strength of suggestion of suppressed feeling inevitably raises the lump in the throat. Warfield is a true master of reticent pathos. When the blow falls and the Jew is rendered penniless, he meets fate with a smile, and like a man of men. When he returns to his peddling basket and is living again in squalor, he neither loses his humor nor his self-respect. He utters no complaint against his hard luck, and his sympathy is only for the others who have been brought to disaster with him. Altogether Warfield makes *Simon Levi* a character sufficiently strong to wipe out of recollection all the Cheap John Jews of the cartoonists and the paragraphers in the so-called humorous papers. The character as

Announcement.

I am pleased to announce, through the *Mirror*, that *Mr. C. L. Bates*, who for many, many years was with the *Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Co.*, now has full charge of my diamond department, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons.

F. W. Drosten, 7th and Pine.

Lunstras

DYEING AND CLEANING CO.

HAVE THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT OF ITS KIND IN THE COUNTRY.



ALL BUILDINGS FIRE PROOF.

We beg to call Special attention to the Dyeing of light and faded Carpets and the Cleaning of elaborately made up Dresses.

STORES.

717 LOCUST ST.
1044 N. VANDEVENTER AVE.
726 N. TAYLOR AVE.

MAIN OFFICE:

PARK AVE. 13TH TO 14TH ST.
PHONES, MAIN 68.
KINLOCH, B. 761.

The Underwear Store.

We justify the distinction by the strongest showing of best makes of dependable underwear—both foreign and domestic.

Between season weights in wool, merino, Sea Island cotton, Balbriggan, linen and silk—in union suits, athletic, knee drawers—stouts and regulars—made by

American Hosiery Co.,
Carlwright & Warner's,
Comrade & Friedmann,
Norfolk & New Brunswick,
Sterling Knitting Co.,
Lewis Knitting Co.,
Dr. Deimel's Linen Mesh,

\$1.00

and up to

\$10.00

a garment.

Werner Bros.

Clothiers, Haberdashers and Hatters,
Republic Building, Seventh and Olive Sts.

written for Warfield is rather crudely done, but as he handles it with a sure knowledge of not only Jewish nature, but of that wider underlying goodness of the world which is the salt of all human nature, the character is lifted out of the special study and into the grasp of universal elements of character. It is great work in every sense of the word, and no one comes away from the performance of the little play without feeling the better for having seen it. Mr. Warfield is supported by a company the excellence of which is best attested by the fact that he fits into every scene without any undue insistence upon his superiority. The *Mrs. Eagan* of *Marie Bates* is a remarkably good presentation of the Irishwoman, without quite so pronounced a burlesque tendency as we find sometimes in the work of actresses like *Mrs. Yeamans*. *Maria Davis* enacts the role of *Mrs. Levi*, the wife of the hero, and does it with very good taste. She does not attempt anything like dialect, but she does know how to give expression to what we might call the natural affectionateness of "the lower orders. In the role of *Helga*, *Levi's* adopted daughter, *Maude Winter* makes a fairly good impression, though the part is slight. *Eugene Canfield*, in a very low comedy part, is interesting, and *Helena Philips* in *Mrs. Sampson* with *Harry Rogers* as *Jacob Sampson* are worthy of approval as secondary characters in the performance. The theatre-loving people of St. Louis will make a mistake if

Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL,

Broadway and Pine.

BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

they do not go to the Olympic this week and observe the proof that there are dramatic possibilities in American life ready to the hands of the American playwrights, if there be any American playwrights. "The Auctioneer" is not a great play, but it is proof that a great play will some day be written portraying just that rank of life in which *Simon Levi* displays his fine characteristics, which are all the finer for being mixed up with some of those which we call ignoble. Without doubt "The Auctioneer" would never have been written in the shape it now has if Edward Harrigan had not written, long before, the play called "Cordeli's Aspirations." The scenes are almost identical in both plays. But notwithstanding the fact that the theme is copied and that the plot is exceedingly flimsy, and that the

authors have made no particular effort to give the production the faintest suspicion of a literary treatment, David Warfield, by his knowledge of the Jewish character and by his sympathy with the finer things which are to be found in the lives of the lowly, succeeds in making *Simon Levi* a character to live in the memory of every one whose good fortune it may be to see this play, "The Auctioneer." I salute David Warfield. He has arrived.

The Deadhead.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Castle Square Opera Company will present Wagner's "Tannhauser" and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." In "Tannhauser," the four superb masculine roles—the finest Wagner ever scored in a single opera—are assigned to Messrs. Boyle, Goff, Sheehan and Tennery. The full cast for the Wagner tone-drama is as follows: Landgraf, Francis J. Boyle; Wolfram, Winfred Goff; Tannhauser, Jos. F. Sheehan; Walter, George Tennery; Bitterhoff, J. P. Coombs; Heinrich, A. Lellman; Reimar, Louis Roy; Elizabeth, Misses Rennyson and Ludwig; Venus, Miss Maud Ramey; Shepherd Boy, Formosa Henderson. Tannhauser will be produced with an opulence of scenery and costumes, all classically correct and as rich, as is consistent with exact reproductions of pictures of absolute fidelity. The chorus has been allotted brilliant work in the Wagner ensembles and the famous "Pilgrims' Chorus" alone, as sung by these artists is worth going far to hear. Chevalier Emanuel who has directed Tannhauser in Europe to the complete satisfaction of Cosima Wagner, will occupy the leader's chair throughout the week.

"Romeo and Juliet," the tragic story of Shakespeare's two lovers of Verona, wedded to the witching music of Gounod's exquisite score, promises a brilliant contrast to the somber beauty of "Tannhauser." The cast for "Romeo and Juliet" is as follows: Romeo, Miro Delamotta; Juliet, Josephine Ludwig and Adelaide Norwood; Mercutio, Winfred Goff; Prince, Francis Carrier; Capulet, E. A. Clark; Tybalt, George Tennery; Friar Lawrence, Frances J. Boyle; Gregario, J. Parker Coombs; Stephano, Ethel Houston DuFre; Gertrude, Maude Ramey. In response to many requests, more than fifty of them being from prominent clergymen of this city, the Sacred Concert of classic devotional music, which was given with such success by the Castle Square singers on good Friday night, will be repeated on Sunday evening, April 6.

Richard Mansfield will appear at the Olympic, beginning Monday, the 7th, in "Beaucaire." The play is described as an original comedy, in five acts, by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. It is generally agreed that Mansfield has not before had a more delightful character than Beaucaire. It is a role full of the niceties of manners, the fopperies of an exquisite, the heroism of a gallant, the tenderness of a lover, the caustic repartee of a wit, and the dramatic expression coveted by a dramatic master. The play is a consecutive and cumulative story of sustained interest. The humor and sentiment balance nicely, the action is varied and the dialogue witty as could be desired. The total cast numbers twenty-six, and there are as many more players appearing in action without lines to speak. The production is most elaborate, the representations of eighteenth century fashion being admirably accomplished. The curtain will rise punctually at 8.

"Ein Gemachter," at the Germania theater, Sunday evening, was presented to a large audience, Mr. Willy Walter did some very clever work, as did, in fact, the entire company. Wednesday evening's performance, "Das Mannenbenchen," was equally well received. Sunday, April 6, Adolf von Sonenthal and the entire stock company of the Irving Place Theater, New York, under the personal management of Mr. Heinrich Conreid, will present Adolph Wildbrandt's great drama, "The Daughter of Fabricius." It is said that the art of impersonation has reached the limits of the possible in Mr. Sonenthal's Fabricius, the convict, who has returned to the world after twenty-four years' imprisonment and that one almost suspects that the great actor must have been a convict—perhaps in a previous state of existence on this planet; at any rate, he must have made his studies in prison, for it seems hardly probable

that such realistic details could be conceived by the artist's imagination alone. Thursday, April 10th, Mr. Ernst Sohne will be tendered a benefit when "Der Ehrliche Makler" will be the attraction.

The St. Louis amateur Orchestra will give a concert on Thursday, evening, April 10th, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Grand and Franklin avenues. The orchestra is under the personal direction of Mr. A. I. Epstein. Following is the very interesting programme:

Unfinished Symphonie.....Schubert
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Bauer, "More Regal in His Low Estate," from Queen of Sheba.....Gounod
Merry Wives of Windsor.....Nicolai
Cello Solo, Mr. William Boeck.....
1st movement of 5th Symphonie.....Beethoven
Summer Night (Soprano Solo)
Mrs. Bauer.....Goring Thomas
Wein, Weib und Gesang, (Waltz).....Strauss

"Robie's Knickerbocker Burlesquers," at the Standard, this week, are playing to large audiences. The opening and closing farces are not as good as have been seen at this play house, but the vaudevillians make up this lack quite effectively. On the whole, "Robie's Burlesquers" present the best performance of its kind that has been here this season. "Next week's attraction, "Merry Maidens."

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

HER HUSBAND—"Is your husband a good provider?" asked the sympathetic visitor. "Indeed he is, mum. He got me three new places to wash last week."—*Youth's Companion.*

Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.
ST. LOUIS.

*Gold Cabinets,
Pedestals and Tables,
an unexcelled assortment
to harmonize with our
Beautiful Gold Frame
Parlor Suites with their
exquisite coverings.*

Inspection Solicited.

Bed Room Suites,
*Richly Carved in
Rococo, or Renais-
sance; First Empire.*

SEE BROADWAY WINDOWS

*Our Dressing Chest,
\$30.00.*

*Mediaeval Chairs in
Weathered Oak and
old Spain Leather
Waxed Mahogany
Serving Tables,
Baronial Hall Chairs,
"Art Nouveau"
Occasional Tables.*

See the Newest.

COURTESY IN THE WEST.

An Eastern lady who recently visited San Francisco, declares that men are far more obliging and considerate in traveling West in Pullman cars than women. "You know," she says, "there is only one dressing-room for women in a Pullman car, but it has two looking-glasses, and there is plenty of room for two women to fix up at a time. But do you think the woman who gets the dressing-room first will let another in until she has entirely finished, and do you think she will hurry the least little bit because there are seven other women waiting outside to make themselves presentable? If you do you don't know women. At least you don't know the sort who traveled to the Coast a month ago. There was one woman, an ugly old thing, who could have prinked all day without improving herself, who used to get into the dressing-room just about the time the rush started. She would lock the door and stay there for an hour. Other women took nearly as long, and it was ten o'clock before I got a chance to dress. The porter sympathized with me, and entered into a conspiracy to deprive the portly matron of her monopoly. He fixed the lock so that the dressing-room door could not be locked. He promised to tell me when she had been in the room fifteen minutes, and in the morning he brought the word. I hurried to the dressing-room, prepared to weather a gale of frowns and a storm of sniffs for intruding. I tried the door, but could not budge it. 'I'se dead certain I fixed dat lock,' said the porter; sh e mus' be leanin' on de door.' Then he put his shoulder to it, and the door gave

way. The woman was too indignant to speak, and did not recover her humor for the rest of the trip. Don't talk to me about the unselfishness of women. They don't know the meaning of the word—when they are riding in a Pullman."—*The Argonaut.*

PING-PONG CONJUGATED.

Ping-pong is a game of pygmy paraphernalia, to which, however, a giant may enjoyably set his hand, though not necessarily with success. Although a game of ball and bat, at ping-pong the greatest sloggers at either base ball or cricket may easily bite the dust at the feet of the pet of the schoolroom. "Form" must be acquired by practice, but the *Sun* can help educate its votaries by presenting the correct inflection of the present tense of the indicative mood of the verb to "ping-pong:"

I ping We grovel on the floor;
Thou pongest; Ye tear your trousers;
He pung. They break the furniture.

Local dialect may vary this somewhat, but what we give is, we believe, the veritable Sanscrit."—*New York Sun.*

THE LIKELY COMBINATION—*Young Rooney:* "Do yez t'ink two kin live as chapely as wan!"

Old Cassidy: "Phwat's th' idea?"

Young Rooney: "Oi was t'inkin' av getting married."

Old Cassidy: "And phwat's 'two' got t' do wid it, ye fule? Ye shud figger on eight or tin, ne bye!"—*Puck.*

Fine watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

CHOOSING AN "AUTO."

The season is now at hand when lovers of the automobile sport are beginning to look about in earnest for a suitable vehicle. In many cases those who already own vehicles dispose of them at a sacrifice to get all the latest improvements embodied in the 1902 models, and those who are to make their initial purchase are, for the most part, puzzled to make a final choice.

There is no "best" automobile, as there is no "best" locomotive construction. The fact that every manufacturer claims in print to make the "best" vehicle has little influence with intelligent purchasers, who know something of the mechanical accomplishments in other fields. The point should be not exactly to get the "best" machine made, but to get the machine best adapted to your requirements. If you could imagine a congress of mechanical experts in session to decide upon a single make of vehicle as the "best," it would be next to impossible to get a decision, which, if rendered at all, would call for the ridicule of the engineering world and the more or less justified protests of more than three hundred recognized automobile makers.

The difficulty lies in the fact that it is absolutely impossible to claim for a single make the best qualities as to racing, touring, city service and business use, etc., and to prove logically such claims. The vehicle best adapted for speed cannot compete with the essential and particular requirements of one built for touring. And the touring car is out of the question when it comes to darting around the public thoroughfares with economy and safety. And the city runabout is practically useless for doing the work of a light delivery wagon. The makers are quite well aware that there is no "best," and that no type of vehicle will meet the diversified demand of the public. Hence, they adapt their various systems to touring cars, tonneaus, surreys, runabouts, racers and the several popular classifications of motor vehicles. But there are few constructive systems that are so simple and compact that they can be equally well adapted to several styles of vehicles.

The safest thing to do if you wish to get a satisfactory touring car, for example, would be to pick your choice from a number of manufacturers making a specialty of such cars. You have the satisfaction of knowing that the makers find it to their interest to build touring cars because their constructive systems are better suited to this type than to others. You are at all times at liberty to try the vehicles by way of demonstration rides, and if you are a good observer it will not take you long to single out their good and bad points.

For economic pleasure driving or touring the ponderous and heavy construction noticeable in foreign high-power racing machines should be avoided. It should be remembered that vehicles approaching a ton in weight wear out tires so fast that the expense of keeping them properly shod, after a couple of seasons of continuous running, in many cases amounts to more than half the price of the complete carriage. Plenty of room for the feet, facilities for carrying luggage and easy manipulation with as few devices as possible, are necessary elements in a satisfactory touring car.

For cruising around city streets a light runabout, with quick control of the power and a tender, responsive steering, is preferable. A long, low wheel-base, insuring against skidding and upsetting at sudden

turns, will also be found convenient when getting in and out of the vehicle, and it is mechanically desirable as it provides a low center of gravity. Altogether too many popular patterns of runabouts are set up so high that one must climb into them, and they are top-heavy and unsteady on curves. An instantaneous stop, minute and immediate steering, reliable running, and easy getting in and out of vehicle without the clothes catching levers, switches or other abominations and causing accidental starts, are the main essentials in a city rig.

When it comes to crowding forty or sixty horse-power energy into an automobile for racing, the result is a highway locomotive in which every feature has given way to speed requirements, so that there is barely room for the chauffeur between an array of levers at the sides and device-glutted manipulating gears in front of him. Just now this type of vehicle is the fad with those who have gone in for extreme speed, and a modified pattern of the racer with a tonneau body attached has crept into favor among society people, who are blindly following French taste in this respect.

As to the motive power, gasoline has not only stood the test of being the most all around desirable, but is now being adopted on an increasing scale by the makers. Steam has most successfully been adapted to light runabouts, but there are objectionable features connected with it, and the chances for improving the steam engine are considerably smaller than the opportunities for the explosive motor. Electricity has the merit of being very clean, but it is also very heavy to carry along. As yet it is a very expensive power, and it is so difficult to get uniformly satisfactory charging outside city limits that the idea of taking an electric vehicle further off than it will go and return on its own power does not occur to experienced drivers.—*The Independent.*

FOR A CHILD.

We lived out under the pear tree.

We dined upon tarts and cream,
I married you there forever.

But, dear, 'twas only a dream!

We sailed away in the branches
To countries strange and new,
For we owned estates in Dreamland.

But, sweetheart, it isn't true!

We made a church in the pear tree
Where the angels came to sing,
We stroked their wings—but dearest,
You mustn't believe a thing!

We cut our names in the tree trunk,
So the bark could never grow,
And the Dryad cried! But, my darling,
'Twas none of it really so!

—*Josephine Dodge Daskam, in McClure's.*

Merrick, Walsh & Phelps' office at Merrimod & Jaccard Jewelry Co., Broadway, corner Locust street.

Prompt attention to all orders.

Malt-Nutrine

The Opinion of Medical Experts.

Malt-Nutrine is easily received and readily retained by any stomach. It restores and regulates. The consensus of medical opinion, based upon actual observation and careful experiments, shows that Malt-Nutrine possesses intense nourishing strength and wonderfully assists digestion, and that it is invaluable for the strengthening and nourishing of convalescents, weak children, thin-blooded people and dyspeptics. Malt-Nutrine is prepared by the famous Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assn., which fact guarantees the purity, excellence and merit claimed for it.

THOMAS

NORDICA

The Home
of Folly

THE STANDARD

Two Frolics
Daily.

THIS WEEK.

Knickerbockers.

NEXT WEEK.

MERRY MAIDENS.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK

David Belasco

Presents

WARFIELD

IN

"The
Auctioneer."

Regular Matinee,
Saturday.

NEXT WEEK.

Mr. Richard
MANSFIELD

IN

BEAUCAIRE.

Seats on sale,
Thursday.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

ENGLISH GRAND
OPERA.

Positively "only three
weeks more of

CASTLE SQUARE
OPERA COMPANY.

Thursday
and Saturday Nights,

MARTHA.

Wednesday, Friday
Nights and
Saturday Matinee.

LOHENGRIN.

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
Wednesday Matinee,
25c, 50c, 75c.

NEXT WEEK.

Sunday, Tuesday,
Thursday, Saturday
Nights and
Wednesday Matinee,

WAGNER'S
TANNHAUSER

Monday, Wednesday,
Friday Nights and
Saturday Matinee,

GOUNOD'S
ROMEO AND
JULIET.

GERMANIA THEATER.

14th and Locust.
HEINEMANN & WELB, - - Managers.

Sunday, April 6th, 1902,
Adolf von Sonnenhal and the entire Stock Company of the Irving Place Theatre in New York, under the personal management of Mr. Heinrich Conreid, in the great Drama

THE DAUGHTER OF FABRICIUS
by Adolph Wildbrandt. Thursday, April 10th, 1902. Benefit for ERNST SOHNE. The great Comedy Farce in four acts

DER EHRliche MAKLER.
George Heinemann and Leona Bergere in leading parts.

Counsel for the defendant (sarcastically):
"You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witness
for the plaintiff (cordially): "I am, sir, and if
I were not on my oath I'd say the same of
you."—*Tit-Bits.*



Because a
Man Looks Worried

Is not necessarily a sure sign that he is married—it may be that it is the ready-made suit he is wearing that is the trouble.

When all is said, who ARE the well-dressed men of any community—of St. Louis? The men in ready-made clothing or those in made-to-order clothing. The latter, of course.

Further argument on that point is superfluous. The only question that is now before you is, "Who makes the best made-to-measure clothing?" We think we do. A whole lot of St. Louis men think the way we think, too. Why couldn't we please you, as well as we please them? Try us on your Spring Clothing—Suits, \$25 to \$45.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,
820 Olive Street, Opp. Post Office,
St. Louis, Mo.



Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
DRY GOODS COMPANY.

"Ostermoor" "Sorosis"

"Shoes and mattresses are not akin?"

But stop a moment—isn't there a kinship—after a sort—between all good things?

Do not both these things stand for goodness—one in shoes—the other in mattresses?—and do not you want the best you can have in both?

Maybe you don't know how good the Ostermoor patent elastic felt mattress is?

It is good enough for Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney to have the exclusive privilege of selling it in St. Louis and nearby towns.

Very many people—so well known that their word is a guarantee—have used this mattress for fourteen, eighteen and twenty years and over—without any renovation and they are "as good as new."

May we show you these people's "say so?"

Will you step in at our third floor and let us tell you all about the most luxuriously comfortable mattress in existence—think of a mattress that doesn't sag nor grow lumpy nor hard!

The 4 foot 6 inch size—weight 45 lbs., costs \$15.00—the 3 foot 6 inch size—weight 35 lbs., costs \$11.70.

So much for goodness in mattresses—

The "Sorosis" Shoe for women—boys and girls—big and little—is so good that it is called the "perfect" shoe.

The name means "A collection of perfect parts"—and that is just what the shoe is—everything about it is "selected"—even the men who sell it are trained "fitters."

Many of us think that a shoe can't be good unless it costs us six or seven dollars—and we keep right on thinking so until we try the "Sorosis"—we want you to try one pair of "Sorosis" Shoes—Should you not like them we take them back—

The Woman's "Sorosis" sells for \$3.50—high shoes—low shoes—walking shoes—dress shoes—every sort—that is good sort of heels and toes.

It will give us pleasure to talk "Sorosis" with you—and we think that the pleasure will be mutual—the place—Broadway Olive and Locust Streets—the name—

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
DRY GOODS COMPANY.

HUNGRY JOE.

It is reported in New York that "Hungry Joe," the most famous bunco steerer that ever lived, is dead, but as he has lived a mysterious life for several years and was reported dead some years ago, the report may not be true. Among the names by which he was known at different times are George H. Post, George Howard, Francis Alvaney and Joseph Lewis. The last was believed to be his real name. He was born in Michigan fifty-two years ago. In 1880 he was arrested on the charge of shooting "Billy" Flynn, a notorious character in Detroit, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. After living for a time in Chicago, he went to New York, and operated at the fashionable summer resorts. During one summer, he and a "pal" known as "Western Sam" coaxed nearly \$100,000 from the pockets of other people into their own. One of them was Joseph Ramsden, an English tourist. He complained to the police, and "Hungry Joe" was sent to prison for four years. After serving his time, he went to Philadelphia and operated with much success, keeping clear of the police for some years. From there he went to Baltimore, where he swindled William J. Bansemer out of \$5,000. He was arrested for this and was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. It is believed that these were the only times that he was convicted, but his whole life was devoted to crime, and the number of his victims was not only very large but embraced some of the most prominent men in the country.

Among those whom he "touched" was General John A. Logan. The detective of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, was amazed one day to see "Hungry Joe" walk into the hotel on the arm of the general, and go to the general's room. After pondering over the situation for a few moments, the detective went up stairs, knocked on the door, and when admitted to the presence of General Logan asked him if he knew the young man with whom he was talking. "Of course I do," was the general's reply, "he is the son of an Illinois banker, one of my

dearest friends." "No," said the officer, "that is 'Hungry Joe,' one of the slickest bunco steerers in the country." General Logan flew into a towering rage, ordered the detective from the room and threatened to report him to the proprietor. A few moments later "Hungry Joe" came down stairs, went to the cashier's desk, presented an order from General Logan for \$500, got the money, and shaking the bills under the nose of the detective, went out into the street. Of course that was the last that General Logan ever saw of the alleged son of the Illinois banker. Among other famous persons that fell victims to his wiles, was Charles Francis Adams, David Davis and Oscar Wilde. The bunco steerer met Mr. Adams on Boston Common, and soon had him deeply interested in various schemes of philanthropy, finally inducing Mr. Adams to intrust a handsome sum of money to his keeping. Judge Davis was victimized in a New York hotel. So was Oscar Wilde, who not only gave up \$1,000 in bills but his note for \$2,500 more. The note, however, was subsequently recovered by the police. Wilde was almost the only prominent man who ventured to complain to the police; the others were glad to keep their folly from the public. Inspector Williams hunted "Hungry Joe" for many years, and made his life miserable in New York, though he was never able to convict him. Finally, in revenge, "Hungry Joe" formed the acquaintance of a brother of the inspector, and buncoed him out of several hundred dollars. Lewis was a conversationalist of extraordinary ability and charm; he spoke several languages fluently, was well informed on all the great questions of the day, and passed for a gentleman in any society. He never had any dealings with ordinary "crooks," and never sought victims except among the rich and credulous.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

A phenomenon of sleep—He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "I counted eight before I woke up."—*Household Words*.

Rev. Goodley: "Do you think you observe the Sabbath as you should?" Jiggaby: "Well, I usually spend the day quietly at home." Rev. Goodley: "Ah! but do you never go to church?" Jiggaby: "No. However, we have stained-glass windows in our library, and they afford a sort of church effect while I read my Sunday paper."—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Actor: Do you really think that picture looks like me?"

The Soubrette: "Yes; but I have no other fault to find with it."—*Chips*.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Stern Father: "Didn't I tell you not to call again, sir?"

Sutor: "I know; but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm about that little bill—"

Stern Father: "Er—er—er—call again."—*Finance*.

MY LADY APRIL.

April, sweet soul of her,
I love the whole of her,—
Joy be the goal of her,
Fortune attend!
Spring, win the heart of her,
(Though but the part of her,)—
Who hath a chart of her?
Heaven forfend!

Witchcraft, the wile of her,
Sunshine, the smile of her,
Virtue, the guile of her
Duly suppressed.
Where is the harm of her,
Or the alarm of her?
Oh, but the charm of her
Can't be expressed!

Say the malicious,
Her temper's capricious,
But aren't they delicious—
Her varying moods?—
A smile in the water,
Where Phoebus hath sought her,—
Though wind shall have wrought her
To wrath in the woods.

While Summer's wooing her
With life imbuing her,
Gently undoing her
Cloak of reserve;
While Winter's holding her,
While Spring's enfolding her,
Mortals are scolding her,
Please to observe!

Why are ye slaying her?
Unjust the weighing her,
With suitors swaying her,
That way and this.
Though Winter tarry her,
And Summer harry her,
Spring yet shall marry her,—
Great be their bliss.

Edna Kingsley Wallace, in *New York Lye*.

APPROPRIATE.

Shopper: "But aren't these hose rather loud?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir. They are intended only for persons whose feet are in the habit of going to sleep."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Really, I did not know what to think when Fred proposed to me last evening. Why, he hadn't known me more than a week."

"Perhaps that was the reason, dear."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert?"

"Yes your honor,"

"Very well, let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert."—*Ohio State Journal*.

Little Elsie: "Oh, take me up, mamma. It's so muddy."

Mamma: "Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido."—*Field and Farm*.

"See that man with the hard face? He's killed his man."

"Indeed! Chauffeur or motorman?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

CHORAL-SYMPHONY SOCIETY - - - Oratoria St. Paul.

ODEON,

Thursday, April 3, 8:15 P. M.

Grand Chorus, Orchestra and Four Soloists.
Marie Kunkel Zimmermann, Soprano. Mrs.
Lawrence Weakley, Contralto. Homer Moore,
Baritone. Ion Jackson, Tenor. Charles Gal-
loway, Organist. Tickets at Bollman's.

FOR NEGRA VENUS.

BY HENRY RIGHTOR.

If this were a story I should hesitate to put it all down, but being merely a chronicle, why, such of you as care to read it may take it for what it's worth. I ask you only to remember always that Captain Jean was and is (for the man's still alive with the wounds all over him) a brute born in the pine woods and raised on the sea; and I have never known a man with pine and salt in his blood but he was mad with health.

Jean was the Captain of a Pontchartrain schooner. I used to meet him at the old Basin, along near midnight, and we'd go to a dingy sailor's billiard room near by and play pool on the soggy table there till daylight and sometimes far into the day. We were playing there one night when Vital came in.

Vital stood by and looked on at the game with a cynical look on his face. Once when Captain Jean missed a shot, Vital laughed out aloud. Jean flared up in an instant.

"Eh, you!" he roared in his big voice. "You laugh at me? For what, eh? Come! Take that cue in the rack there. I give you a fair chance. I break your head. *Allons! Defend yourself!*" and he grabbed a cue out of the rack and threw it into Vital's hand and bore down upon him, swinging the cue like a single-stick.

They smashed the lamps over the table, knocked all the glassware off the bar, and wound up on opposite sides of the table, the bar a wreck, parrying and slashing like demons.

It was clear the men were too evenly matched to settle the affair in this way, and as the barkeeper was about the point of calling in the police, I proposed to withdraw and settle the thing otherwise. It was a heavy score we had to settle for all the glass and trimmings the combatants had broken, but Jean had a full pocketbook, from the sale of a fine load of Pascagoula charcoal, and the affair was arranged easily enough.

The real cause of war between these remarkable athletes arose after we left the place. Jean's schooner was moored just in front of the saloon. In a way characteristic of the man, Jean said when we got outside:

"You there!" speaking to Vital. "We are going to have a fine fight. I am going to make *courtbouillon* of you. Very well. In the meanwhile let us have a drink. I have some fine liquor here in the *Locarina*. Come, we will go in."

You must know the wicked, careless lives these men of the lakes live—polyglots all of them—to understand the ensuing scene. We ran up the gangplank laid over from the foresheets of the schooner to the grimy bank, and Jean dived, like an imp in a spectacle, down the companionway. We followed. A lantern was smoking and sputtering in the cabin, reddening the place with its fitful glare. Leaning against the centerboard, laughing like an ebon nymph, stood Azelie, the Guinea negress, showing her white teeth in a gleaming slant. Black as she was the creature was beautiful, an animal beauty, strong and sinuous. She was laughing out aloud, and when we came in fell to singing a weird island strain that I know very well. It was the song these women of the Indies sing when their instinct tells them there is war brewing.

Vital, it proved, was as much of a brute as Jean, and went at the Guinea as if she were treasure trove. For myself, the light

and color of it appealed to me, and I watched the spectacle as I would animals under a curious light effect in a jungle.

Jean, with a surly look at the Guinea, lugged a huge jug from a locker beneath one of the bunks and poured an excellent article of Jamaica rum out into big tin cups. In the meanwhile Vital, sailorwise, had appropriated the black. You can paint for yourself.

I should hesitate to say how many of the tin cups we filled and emptied. Only I remember the picturesqueness of the scene grew upon me. It is a way with observers when drinking from tin cups. Vital had the Guinea tigress entirely and Jean, who was the rightful master, looked on like a dancing master. At last he said:

"Enough for a moment! I wish to speak. This is my schooner. That is my nigger. I am a Frenchman. Whatever you do here on my schooner it is all right. But I must ask you to go out. A while back you laughed at me. Now you have made free with my nigger. I ask that you get out. If you are a better man than me you can have the Guinea, and I will sit in the mud while you laugh at me your fill."

Vital leaped up, threw the Guinea nigger into a bunk and said: "Done. I am your man."

"One moment," I said. "Before we go out let us understand this. Jean here is a sailor. You, sir, it is clear, are a swordsman. It will not be an even fight with swords."

"Ah, bah! swords will do," said Jean. "*Nom de Dieu!* What I care, me!"

"Nor me," echoed Vital. "What I care Fists, anything. I fancy this nigger. She has fine teeth, a slim form, no odor. She is my nigger or I am mistaken."

"Very well," I said, "but this fight shall be even. You men are fairly matched in respect of weight; apparently also in respect of strength." And then a whimsical idea came into my mind and I turned to Vital.

"You can climb!" I asked.

"Like a squirrel!" he replied. "Like a lizard."

"Good," I said. "For, Jean, I know well he can climb."

"In a way," replied Jean, shrugging his shoulders, and all of a flash I remembered the time on Ship Island when the schooner having sailed away, we wished to know her whereabouts and he had shinned up the tallest pine on the island and given me the outlook from the top.

"Here is an even plan," I said. "It is night. There are many tall buildings. The city is quiet. You two men shall climb to the top of a tall building. The stronger shall throw the other off. What say you?"

"Excellent," said Jean, and threw out his chest.

"Nothing better," said Vital quietly, and his muscles stuck out.

"The Guinea nigger shall come," I said.

"And stand in the street below," said Jean. "I shall throw this insolent—I mean my guest, monsieur—down into her arms. If she is wise she will not catch him."

Azelie showed her teeth and laughed like a wind in the trees.

"I will give you the earth for a mistress," said Vital quietly.

"Come on," I said. "I know a fine building," and I led the way up the companion and out under the stars along the black streets.

In Orleans street, at the corner of Dauphine, I stopped. I pointed toward

THE MOSHER BOOKS

THREE APPRECIATIONS:

MIMES, WITH A PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE. Translated from the French of Marcel Schwob. By A. Lenalie.

PRICE, \$1.50 NET. The wrapper design in violet and gold, by Mr. Earl Stetson Crawford, is one of the most beautiful bits of cover work put forth this season.

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM: Threnodies, Songs, and Other Poems. By Fiona Macleod.

PRICE \$1.00 NET. This reissue of "From the Hills of Dream" is an authorized one, and contains many additional lyrics, besides having the advantage of the author's careful revision.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A Reprint of the Original Text taken from *The Germ* (1850), and including all Variants from the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine (1856): Poems (1870), and the Collected Works (1885). PRICE, \$1.50, NET.

Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William E. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terra cottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness, but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintanceship. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be, in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor, who passed beyond the Hercules pillars. . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and other Poems" is also a failure, as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*). *The Nation* (N. Y.) Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine red ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damozel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

Mr. Mosher's New List of Books, an exquisite little *biblot* in itself, giving a full description of the above works, and all others he has for sale, will be mailed to any address, free, on request.

All books sent postpaid on receipt of net price, and delivery guaranteed to any part of the world.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine.

BOOKS { All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at . . . } **ROEDER'S BOOK STORE,**
807 NORTH FOURTH ST.

THE BOHEMIAN

"A Clever Magazine for Clever People"

EVERIT BOGERT TERHUNE, Editor

THE BOHEMIAN is published every month, and is replete with unique stories and dainty verse of recognized literary merit. Some of the cleverest short story writers of the day are regular contributors to THE BOHEMIAN. Among them may be mentioned:—

Wm. MacLeod Raine,
Maurice Baldwin,
Landis Ayr,
Edward Payson Jackson,
Caran Pyle,
Edward Carpenter,
Susie M. Best,
Katherine Lee Bates,
Chauncey Thomas,
Joe Cone,
Margaret Lee,
John DeLoss Underwood,
Lucy Morris,
Marvin Dana,
Sophie Earl,
Katherine J. Smith,
Maitland Leroy Osborne.

THE BOHEMIAN should be on sale everywhere. Ask your newsdealer for it. If he does not keep it, have him order it for you, OR SEND 10 CENTS FOR 3 MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION. TEN CENTS PER COPY. \$1.00 the Year.

The Bohemian Publishing Co.,
11 Columbia St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

Audrey, Mary Johnston, \$1.20; Siege of Lady Resolute, Harris Dickson, \$1.20; Kate Bonnet, Frank R. Stockton, \$1.20; Melomaniacs, James Huneker, \$1.20; At Large, E. W. Hornung, \$1.20; Valley of Decision, Edith Wharton, 2 vols., \$2.00; Starboard Sights, A. B. Hawson (master), 75 cents. Also, a full line of Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals and other books for Easter gifts; cards and Easter Novelties at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.

Best Passenger Service in
TEXAS.



"No Trouble to Answer Questions."

Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book
TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER.

General Passenger and Ticket Agent

DALLAS, TEXAS.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS.

THAT'S ALL.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,

A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Congo Square, on the lower side of the street. Two houses from the corner on the lower side a tall brick building pointed at the sky. A brick coping was lined out against the dim stars, a hundred feet up. Iron posts led to the gallery on the first story. Lightning and water pipes, projections of the building, cornices and the like, led the way higher.

"The scene of your battle, gentlemen," I said. "The negress and I will remain here in the street under this gallery, here on the southwest corner. The mud and slime in the gutter, you will observe, is deep and soft. I pray the one who does the throwing to aim his antagonist at the gutter."

"It is well," said Jean.

"Very well," said Vital. "I am ready."

They threw off their coats, hats, vests, trousers and shoes and stood on the sidewalk in their underclothes, fine, athletic figures, reeling only slightly from the successive tin cups of Jean's rum on the *Locarina*.

When I gave the word they started up, and the Guinea negress sat with her feet paddling in the gutter, singing a kind of chant as they sped skyward. They climbed like shadows, and presently, each at his end, was a-top of the building and I saw them stealing along the steep roof like cats, crouching in their strength, each looking for a hold. It was a strange sight, these two, painted out in blurs there against the sky, each for his life, and all on account of a Guinea negress with white teeth and a slim form.

"To the coping. Here, this way. Toward the Cathedral," I shouted in a strident whisper which pierced the night like a whistle. The two men came toward the chimney and presently were locked in each others arms.

The Guinea negress held her breath and leaned over prepared to spring. I caught a glimpse of her face. It was focussed into a point like a snake's and a star glinted in each eye.

Up above, the struggle went ahead. Jean one time had his man on his shoulders, but ill-luck to him they were near the chimney, and Vital, with a lunge of his feet against the bricks, threw Jean flat of his back, himself on top of him. Both were up and at it in a moment. This time Vital had the underhold. They came to the edge of the coping. Vital had Jean's legs and half of his body over. Suddenly he slipped on the dew which covered the slates of the roof. In a second the positions were reversed. Vital was all but over the dizzy precipice. I heard his finger nails gritting in the bricks. I closed my eyes in horror. But it was not to be. Jean, in turn, slipped. I heard him swear. Vital laughed out loud, and in so doing fell flat on his haunches and slid down ten feet of the slippery roof. They flew apart. They were breathing and resting. Then, as if by agreement, they came together. They were fairly on the edge of the coping. They stooped till they were all but concealed by the firewall projection, then bounded up, locked together, swung and wavered for a moment on the dizzy edge of the coping, and then a brick gave way, and they came, arm in arm, hurtling to the earth.

There was a barrel—a garbage barrel, I believe—lying on its side on the edge of the gutter. They struck this together, bounded up, the barrel smashed and fell into the ooze of the ditch. The barrel and Bacchus had saved them. It was a wonder. Voltaire's miracle-making priest might have suspended the fall. For a moment they lay

and writhed like rats in the slough. It was only because they were getting the muck from their eyes and mouth. Then they were both on their feet. As if by instinct each grasped a stave from the bursted barrel. The fight was resumed. Batter and hack! they went at it. Great gods! men never fought so! And just after, a hundred feet fall through the air! The Guinea negress cheered and sang. I stood up on the fireplug. Bang! bang! Whack, cut, thrust, parry and jab! It was a fight of fights. I never knew before barrel staves might be such terrible weapons. Presently the fight was ended. Jean lifted his stave with both hands and brought it down over Vital's head. The Frenchman fell to the earth. He lay quiet. I ran up. Both men were covered with blood. Jean reached down into the ditch, steaming like an engine. He bathed his face with the cool mud and slime. Vital breathed. I took out a flask of rum. The Guinea negress put his head in her lap. She chafed his hands. The rum and chafing brought him to. He laughed and said: "Come; we will go up and start over."

"No," I said, with a sportsman instinct, "Jean has won. The negress is his."

"Ay, and fairly won," said Jean, laughing through the blood and sweat on him, and with that he picked up the Guinea negress in his arms and ran off up the street as if she were a doll bought for a Christmas gift. And I could hear the negress laughing, and Jean snorting, and Vital groaning on the edge of the curb.—From *New Orleans Harlequin*.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

A BALLADE OF THE AVENUE.

Feathers and flowers and lace,
Velvet of wonderful pile;
Worn with as wonderful grace
Furs from far sea and defile;
Gems from lands south of the Nile,
Broadcloth and silk and brocade—
This is the march past of Style,
This is the Easter Parade.

Fashion's the god of the race
Crowding this marvelous mile,
Here is a quieter place,
Pray let us stand for awhile.
Where, save on Gotham's gay isle,
Is such display of wealth made?
This is the march past of Style,
This is the Easter Parade.

There is a beautiful face!
Lo! in this festival file
Not a thing's sordid or base,
Yet not one truly worth while!
Grandeur and gossip and guile,
Trinkets and frills that must fade—
This is the march past of Style,
This is the Easter parade.

Cupid, how bravely you smile,
But you're *de trop*, I'm afraid!
Here are no hearts you may wile—
This is the Easter Parade.

—Edward W. Barnard, in *N. Y. Life*.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.



MOBILE AND OHIO R.R.

ST. LOUIS

CAIRO

ARTESIA

MONTGOMERY

MERIDIAN

CITRONELLE

MOBILE

NEW ORLEANS

JACKSONVILLE

Citronelle
Alabama.

ON THE GREAT PINE BELT PLATEAU OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.
WORLD FAMED AS AN ALL-THE-YEAR HEALTH RESORT



CHICAGO & ALTON

Have your Front Door and Vestibule
Varnished this Spring with our

Marine Exterior Varnish.

A Quart (\$1.10) will do it.
Sealed cans only. "Watch Out."

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY;
St. Louis Department. 300 South Fourth.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry
CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE.

204 N. FOURTH STREET

HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS...

THE PARK HOTEL

Under new management. Entirely fire-proof \$30,000 in recent improvements. Finest Cafe and Grill Rooms west of New York. A strictly first-class Family Hotel, catering only to select patronage. Cuisine unexcelled. J. R. Hays, formerly Prop. Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, Mich., and C. A. Brant, formerly Supt. Union League Club, Chicago, Lessees.

Established 1850. Telephone 1013
THE OLD RELIABLE.

MATTHEWS'
DYE AND CLEANING WORKS
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.

814 OLIVE STREET

THE STOCK MARKET.

Everything seems to be at a stand-still in Wall street. Both sides are anxiously waiting for something to turn up to enliven proceedings. It is generally and readily recognized that the present state of affairs cannot last much longer. Wall street likes change, like every other sane, normal-minded person. When things become too monotonous, anything convenient will serve as a pretext to produce variety. At this writing, however, there is nothing in sight that is particularly encouraging to either bull or bear side. This is what they usually call a transition period. Stocks are being carefully nursed and supported by the syndicates, with the more or less confident expectation that there will be "something doing" soon which will not fail to attract the stubborn, suspicious public. Intimations are being sent out that stocks will have a big rise as soon as crop prospects have become definite and reassuring. Complaints of damage to winter wheat are still coming in from various sections of the Southwest, but competent authorities assert their belief that prevailing crop conditions justify optimistic anticipations, as a result of more auspicious weather and a complete breaking of the drought.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that a good winter wheat and corn crop are assured, why should there be any further substantial advance in values of stocks? Have not all the good things been discounted? Have not the syndicates made enough money out of railroad reorganizations, capital adjustments, conversions and commissions? There is, indeed, very little ground to believe that railroad companies will be able to exceed their past year's record of earnings to any material extent, particularly in view of steadily expanding improvement and equipment requirements. The way things were going in the past three or four months was plain suggestion that it will require something extraordinary, something more than powerful and adroit manipulation to inaugurate another wild bull movement. Things are no longer what they used to be. Times and conditions have changed, and more so than many people are wont to imagine. Below the glistening, brilliant surface of "general prosperity," there is lurking, unmistakable danger that is not being overlooked by careful, observing people. There is an almost instinctive feeling that stocks have had all the advance they are entitled to, and as long as this belief continues to prevail it will be a difficult task for the multifarious cliques to manufacture another bull movement to sell on.

The way they do things nowadays was illustrated some days ago, in the case of Evansville and Terre Haute, a property controlled by Standard Oil interests. It had been recognized for some time that the shares were being manipulated in a most unscrupulous manner. In spite of this feeling of suspicion, however, a pool was being formed by various well-known Wall street men, adepts in the game of fleecing the public, for the purpose of accumulating E. & T. H. common stock, raising the price to dizzy heights, and then letting go to outsiders. As fickle luck would have it, however, it was not the outsider that got fooled or robbed this time. It was the manipulating pool that got it in the neck, and that very badly. After the common had risen to about 75, the news was spread that the railroad company, willingly or unwillingly, had been carrying a \$2,000,000 liability as part

of the assets. This report appeared to be knocking the bottom out of the boom. The pool made haste to liquidate, and the price of the shares took a quick tumble to 50. A book-keeping error of this kind was too much, even for brazen, reckless manipulators. There is certainly a limit to Wall street patience and endurance. Now that the smoke is clearing away, it is dawning upon everybody concerned that the insiders sold to the pool, instead of to the public, and that the pool got "soaked," trapped in its own trap. That is the way things are going once in a while. It is to be presumed that there will be less bull talk hereafter about Evansville & Terre Haute, a stock which, some years ago, was hardly quoted once in a week.

United States Steel issues are lacking strength. Speculators do not relish the conversion scheme. It is argued that promoting syndicates are entirely too busy in the affairs of the big steel trust. Morgan & Co. seem to be milking a prosperous-looking cow. They make too many commissions out of the big combine. It is pretty plain by this time that the trust is not what it is "cracked up" to be. It is slowly falling into the evil ways of some of its predecessors and contemporaries. It is paying out dividends which should be kept in the treasury or spent on needed improvements. The trust had no business paying 4 per cent on the common stock, and then asking for \$50,000,000 new capital for betterments and improvements. When such methods are being resorted to, at a time of marvelous earnings and activity in the iron and steel industry, what is to be looked for in times of adversity and business depression? And hard times are as sure to be seen again as sun rises to-morrow and day after to-morrow.

The money market is still in a precarious position. The danger of a resumption of gold exports is still with us. Sterling exchange in Paris is once more weakening, and new foreign loans will intensify the strain on New York's resources. The bank statement of last Saturday was a fairly encouraging affair, but it was also discouraging, inasmuch as it held out or contained the prospect of a further rise in sterling in New York. It is said that the Bank of Russia is making strenuous efforts to replenish its depleted vaults with gold. And the introduction of the gold standard in Austria-Hungary is also working towards a struggle for the precious metal. So far as South Africa is concerned, there is not as yet much hope for a decided increase in gold production at the Transvaal mines, although the output is gaining slowly from month to month. Most of the new Transvaal gold is being absorbed by Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Taken all in all, one must admit that it is a delicate situation, and one that requires expert, skillful handling in order to prevent a convulsion. New York bankers continue to talk in their stereotyped, optimistic manner, but their statements must not be taken seriously. They have to protect their own interests. They cannot afford to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. If there should be a pinch in money rates soon, they will not hesitate to declare that it could not have been foreseen and was due, entirely, to adventitious causes. The only thing, it seems, that will put a stop to the efflux of gold, is a resumption of buying our securities by Europeans, but of this there is no reliable indication at hand at this time.

Amalgamated Copper and Sugar will need close watching. The first-named is still

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

Capital, - - \$1,000,000.00

Surplus and Profits, - 937,572.69

H. A. FORMAN, President. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres. t
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S. E. COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

Notice to Savings Depositors.

Interest on all SAVINGS ACCOUNTS is due April 1st. Interest not withdrawn shall be added to principal and compounded from that date.

Depositors will bring in their pass books for interest credits any time after Monday, April 7th.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

"sick," and acting as if it intended to take another tumble. Sugar, on the other hand, is strong on a revival of "favorable rumors" from Washington about Cuban concessions. It has often been the case of late that Copper declined, while Sugar went up, and vice versa. The small fry should keep aloof from stocks of this kind. But they will probably heed no warnings, and continue to burn their fingers.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local speculation is not very lively at present. It is only a few stocks that show

activity and strength. Purchasers are not very plentiful at the prevailing range of prices and sellers are more anxious to let go. The banks have lots of money to lend, but are more discriminating in accepting collateral. Brokers refuse to believe that the top has been seen. They still advise purchases. Bank stocks are especially favored. The recent slump in Trust Company stocks has been somewhat of an "eye-opener" for gamblers, and illustrated the fictitious level of quotations.

St. Louis Transit is a little higher, and in better demand at 31¼. United Railways preferred is steady at 86, and the 4 per cent

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103½
" " 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" " 4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" " 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111-112
" " 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" " 4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" " 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" " 4	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" " 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6.	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4s 10-20	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4s 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4s 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4s 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-105
" 4s 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-105
" 4s 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4s 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	--60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	107-107½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	92-92½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-100
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	93½-93¾
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300-303
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	217-219
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	325-350
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	267-268
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	289-291
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	330-340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	167-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4p.c. SA	185-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar. 1902, 3 qy	267-269
Merch.-Laclede	100	Jan. 1901, 1½ qy	259-262
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar. 1902, 2½ qy	330-331
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Mar. 1902, 8 SA	155-160
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	212-214
Third National	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	253-254

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		173½-174
Colonial	100	Forming.	230-231
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	265-267
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	446-447
St. Louis	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	374-375
Title Trust	100	Mar. '02, 1½ qy	123-125
Union	100	Nov. '08, 5	462-463
Mercantile	100	Mar. '02, 1, Mo.	415-417
Missouri Trust	100		128-129
Ger. Trust Co.	100		205-206

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N.	2 1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 106-107
Comp. Hgts. U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100-100
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
St. L. & Sub.		85-87
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112½-114
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106-108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
United Ry's Pfd.	Apr. '02 1½	84½-85
4 p.c. 50s	J. & J.	89½-89¾
St. Louis Transit		30½-30¾

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	237-238

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1902, ½	30-30½
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	90-91
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	150-155
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1902, ½ MO	128-138
Consol. Coal	10	Jan. 1902, 1	19-19½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1902, ½ MO	128-135
Granite Bl-Metal	100		257-262
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	90-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	48-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901, 10	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, 8A 3½	116-120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar. 1902, 2 p.c	89-90
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. 1901, 8A 2½	108-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		40-41
Mo. Edison com.	100		15-16
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02, 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Jan. '02, 2 p.c	97-100
Schummers Hdw Co	100	Mar., 1902, 6 A	175-177
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1902, 3½ SA	165-168
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901, 4 SA	166-170
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	16-17
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p.c	46-48
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99, 4 p.c	41-42½
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	45-52
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	1½-2½
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb. 1902, 1 qy	72-75½
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, 2 qy	232-240
Westhaus Brake	50	Dec. 1901, 7½	180-181
" Coupler		Consolidated	48-51

bonds are quiet at 89½. It is stated, on apparently good authority, that Transit will go considerably higher. The grounds on which it is to advance are left to everybody's imagination. That means to say that the stock is expected to advance on blind, child-like belief. The big fellows only give us hints and forecastle yarns.

Trust Company stocks have changed very little. A few are slightly higher and others slightly lower. It is a see-sawing market. Lincoln Trust is said to be slated for a good rise. Third National is being bought on the quiet by substantial people.

Interest rates are unchanged and quoted at about 5 per cent. Domestic exchange is strong, and sterling firm at 4.88½.

NO WEDDING RING.

The marriage service, according to the Society of Friends, does not require a ring. A Philadelphian, while at a winter resort with her husband, not long ago, was comparing engagement rings with a chance acquaintance. "Where is your wedding ring?" at length asked the chance acquaintance. "Oh," replied the Philadelphian, "we are Friends." "What!" cried the other, to whom the term "Friends" for Quaker was evidently as unfamiliar as the Friendly custom of doing without a wedding ring, "you don't mean to say you're not married?"—*New York Evening Sun.*

Some years ago a Philadelphia preacher inaugurated in his Sunday school the practice of having the children quote some Scriptural text as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box. On the first Sunday in question, a little shaver walked up and said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and in dropped his penny. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins," and in dropped the next. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," quoted the third, and so on. Just then, up walked a little fellow with the unmistakable remnants of molasses candy on his chubby face, and, as he dropped his cent, he bawled out: "A fool and his money are soon parted."—*Argonaut*

"Yes," said the old doctor, "you should try to have your own carriage, by all means. Because when you want to get to a patient quickly—" "Oh," interrupted the young M. D., "I don't think any patient who sent for me would be likely to die before I reached him." "No; but he might recover before you got there."—*Philadelphia Press.*

At a dinner last week Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff told a story of a lady living in the country, who was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband. She replied: "If the ice is as thick as Bill thinks it is, he is swimming."—*New York Times.*

"How is this? You have charged me twice the usual price for shaving."

"My razor was dull, and it took me twice as long."—*New York Weekly.*

Your Financial Future

is likely to be exactly what you make it. What you do now in the way of saving may determine what the future will bring you. A savings account is a great helper; let us open one for you.

Open Mondays Until 7:30 P. M.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

BABIES AND MONKEYS.

The baby has the power to move its toes independently—that wriggling of the toes so often commented upon by mothers. This form of movement is a heritage from those ancestors who, like modern monkeys, would have used the fingers of their hind feet as we do the fingers of our hands.

So, in any Zoological gardens, monkeys may be seen hanging on to a bar above by their hands and using a hind foot (hand) to pick up things from the ground.

A frequent action with babies is to turn the soles of the feet sideways, opposite to one another, while the legs remain straight. Just this attitude would be assumed by a monkey when climbing a tree, or walking on a branch in order to grasp the stem with its hind hands. The inherited effects of thus grasping tree trunks or limbs with the hind hands are often very marked in young babies. The bow legs, which are a feature of infancy, and a matter of some anxiety to mothers, are no more than the relics of the tree-climbing stage. And the mother need not be frightened about this character—any normally healthy baby will grow out of it soon enough.

Then if a young baby be held so that its feet touch the ground one may see that the feet are not put flat to the surface; instead, the outer portions of soles of the feet rest on the ground; while the soles of the feet are more or less opposed to one another—they have the bough-grasping attitude.

It has been noticed above that monkeys use their hind paws like hands; their front paws they employ as implements by which to suspend their bodies from trees. For such purpose the thumb is not necessary; all that is required is a kind of grasping hook, which the fingers make efficiently by themselves. The monkeys which do most tree-climbing have quite lost their front hands are, in fact, merely grasping hooks.

Disuse of the thumb may be observed in other monkeys when they are grasping bars; and it is noticeable in babies when holding sticks, or grasping a flowerpot. An adult taking hold of a flowerpot would put the thumb inside and make a lever of it. But the baby does not act like an adult; it does not put out its hand to take the flowerpot as an adult would do. Instead, it dabs at the rim of the flowerpot with the palm of its hand downwards, just in the manner that a monkey dabs at a branch.

The manner in which babies hold their hands in a clasping attitude is a result of the ancestral bough-grasping habits. This attitude may be seen in monkeys generally; and in those species which lead the most arboreal life, it has become a permanent feature, because of the difficulty of straightening the fingers after exertion.—*Pearson's Magazine, for April.*

Jaggs: "Doctor, my wife has insomnia very bad. She often remains awake until two or three o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her?" Doctor: "Go home earlier."—*Tit-Bits.*

A FAREWELL TO CHICAGO.

BY JOHN STAPLETON COWLEY-BROWN.

The next number of the *Goose-Quill* will be published from some center of civilization. I have had about as much of Chicago as I can stomach. What sort of a pig-stye is Chicago? Well, some years ago, it was Rudyard Kipling's inclement destiny to tarry a couple of days in Chicago. This is how our city impressed him: "Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hughli, and its air is dirt." Dean Hole, also, found Chicago "the most hatefully unlovely city" he ever was in, "a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul." Rudyard Kipling and the Dean are right. For, truth to tell, Chicago stinks night and day. For years this big, black, blatant hag, this quean and guttersnipe of cities, has been the butchershop of the world. Its builders have scowled at its scholars, but flattered its butchers. And, seeking to repay Chicago for its flattery, these butchers, for thirty years, have each year increased the nightly storm of stench that they, with their stink-factories seated under the eaves of the southwest gate, have belched over the entire city. This rendering stench is nearly always visible in a gray, fetid fog.

The moral sentiment growing out of so much that is unclean is hopelessly bad. I heard Jane Addams, practical reformer, redeemer of the slums, builder of Hull House—I heard her address some prominent citizens. She felt sure, she said, in effect, that if the master-butchers, and sweat-shop-keepers, and street car promoters, and corporation lawyers—all the good people—only knew the mental, moral, and physical conditions of the river wards—that is, the wards bordering on the bayous into which the sewage is poured—they would hasten to give their aid, as she had given her life-work.

Oh yes, they would! What were they on earth for? To make more sweat-shops and more river weeds, of course. What an inopportune meeting! What folly to talk of stopping the progress of civilization, of city-making! What ailed Chicago, in their opinion? Why, Jane Addams.

It is supposed by those who do not know any better that Sodom and Gomorrah were record-breakers in the way of municipal wickedness, yet neither of them was within a stone's throw of the state to which Chicago has sunk. Since the days of those burned cities of the plain mankind has been busy inventing new crimes, and, of them all, not one has escaped the acquisitiveness of Chicago. There is no offense against morals, decency or right with which history is blackened that does not find its counterpart here, and there are things done every night for which history furnishes no parallel. I believe, for instance, that Chicago is the only city in the world—and I know that it is the only city upon the Western Hemisphere—which can furnish such a spectacle as this.

Running south from the site of the new post-office, which is in the very heart of the city, is a street called Custom House place. The Union League Club fronts upon it where it leaves Jackson boulevard. Three blocks away the cyprian district begins. These houses are of modest red brick and excite no special attention. A block below them begins the infernal district.

These houses are one story in height and are built against the sidewalk. Their fronts are cut into spaces of two feet by windows in a row, for all the world like a child's toy house. In each of these windows, from noon till sundown, with her painted face within a foot of the passerby, sits a woman. Her bosom is bare far below the modesty line, and when she catches the eye of any one of the dozens of men hurrying along she bawls at him shrilly inviting him to things bestial. One may see upon any afternoon a row of these Jezebels extending over two blocks, each with her tongue out and horribly leering. Policemen are on the corners, but never an arrest is made, as the women pay a certain monthly toll. The offices of the Monon railway are on Custom House place, there is a depot at its south end, and business calls many men to it in the course of a day. Whether they be old and hardened or young boys just setting their feet upon the pathway of a business life, they are forced to pass by the windows of the Scarlet Women and to see the shameful spectacles therein. The fact that the advertisements of this shameful traffic are exhibited in broad daylight in Chicago year in and year out is proof enough of the character of the city. It would not be tolerated anywhere else. It would seem that anyone here may engage in any sort of pursuit, provided that hush-money is forthcoming. Certainly the newspapers will never make any editorial objection so long as their editorial silence is bought. For the newspapers of Chicago are owned by thieves, edited by scoundrels, and read by fools.

Leaving for awhile its utter lack of morality, the first thing in Chicago to strike the stranger is its dirt and the next is its coarseness. The air is black with coal dust, and the winds blow always. Any man who desires to present a semblance of cleanliness must change his linen twice or three times a day, and the result of this is that nobody in Chicago has any such desire. The collars of the men are grimy with soot and the fingernails of the women are habitually in mourning. Chicago pedestrians are wild beasts. A woman, be she as fragile as a flower, must fight her way along the pavements with the strength and ferocity of a tiger. She is lucky if she returns home without garments torn to tatters. If a Chicago man were ordered, at the point of a revolver, to give up his seat in a street car to a lady, he would drop dead from the singularity of the request. If she, being a Chicago woman, were polite enough to say "thank you" he would be shocked back into life. Such amenities do not obtain in this forest of brick and stone—Porkopolis. Indeed, the domestic manners of the Chicagoans are quite horrible. Spittoons lurk in restaurants, clubs, churches, drawing-rooms—they are ubiquitous. Women loaded with jewels and smothered in furs spit on the sidewalk, spit anywhere and everywhere.

The town would be better and would do better if it had any ideal save the commercial, or any aim save to grow rich. The trail of the dollar is over it all. The pigment of its artists is mixed with hog-fat and its literature smacks of the packery. Indeed, the town has no use for writers who can write. Novelists like Henry Fuller, poets like Ernest McGaffey, essayists like Clarence Darrow—are unknown to the average Chicagoan who reads the brain-annihilating romances of Marie Corelli and the slushmushgush of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, when he reads at all. The University, a

pillared pile of public plunder commonly known as "Rockefeller's conscience-sop," has no ameliorating influence. The clergy are a pack of oily humbugs who deliver soothing-syrup sermons and then send them to the newspapers. Gunsaulus, Crane, Snively, and some thousand other devil-dodgers should be made to break rock for eight or nine years. They are spouters of the Word—not doers. In short, Chicago is rotten to the core. The heroes of this overgrown village, which has a population of 2,000,000 people, 1,500,000 of whom have not a cent in bank, 1,000,000 of whom live from hand to mouth, 500,000 of whom cannot write a sentence in English, 250,000 of whom cannot understand a sentence spoken in English and 100,000 of whom do not know where to-day's dinner is coming from, are thieves of the stock exchange or bandits of trade. It measures success only by the pile of gold at a man's command. It worships only such persons as Potter Palmer, or Joseph Leiter, or Marshall Field, or Harry Selfridge. It is crassly bourgeois. Not one in a hundred of its older citizens can bring himself to feel at home in a dress suit. Its fathers are men who have come from [the commonest walks of life. Its mothers are more comfortable in the kitchen than in the drawing-room. Its sons and daughters have the coarseness of both parents, without their strength or industry. It is pitiful to see them affecting culture (in clubs like the Twentieth Century Club) with their low-bred origin showing in hand, foot and feature. They have the insolence of the newly rich, the presumption of the parvenu, with the intellect of the plowman and the tastes of the barkeeper. Their social leader is a woman whose husband made and makes his money selling whisky to drummers in his assignation-house hotel. One may see them, on any afternoon, whirling along Lake Shore drive, in English-built barouches, drawn by dock-tailed horses which cost thousands, but the silks of the women smell of beef-blood and the voices of the men have the ineradicable note of the hog drover. For Chicago society is built on the blood of the bull and the tallow of the hog.

From the *Goose Quill*, for March.

"When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction."

**Burlington
Route**

**Kansas City,
St. Joseph,
Omaha,
Denver.**

An excellent evening train for the West is the Burlington's No. 15 from St. Louis at the desirable leaving hour of 9:00 P. M., for Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Denver, Nebraska and the Coast.

3 GREAT TRAINS

9:00 a. m. For Kansas City, St. Joseph, Nebraska, Far Northwest, Portland, Washington.

2:15 p. m. For Denver, Colorado, California, St. Joseph, Nebraska, St. Paul, Minneapolis.

9:00 p. m. For Kansas City, Denver, St. Joseph, Omaha, Council Bluffs, Nebraska, Pacific Coast.

Tickets and information at City Ticket Office, S. W. Corner Broadway and Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

"One of the wonders of America."

THE GRAND CANON

of the Colorado

can be reached easily and quickly by the magnificently equipped trains of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their immediate connections. Get full information from our agents, or send a stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, for a copy of

AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS.

Cheap-Rate Excursions California

April 20 to 27, account National Convention, Federation of Women's Clubs, Los Angeles, Anybody may go—at \$50 round trip from Chicago, \$47.50 from St. Louis, \$45.00 from Kansas City. Corresponding rates from all points east.

Choice of direct routes returning, final limit June 25.

On the way visit Indian Pueblos, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Yosemite and San Joaquin Valley. The Santa Fe is the comfortable way to go—superb service of The California Limited; personally conducted tourist-car excursions; Harvey meals, best in the world. Write for our books, enclosing 10 cents in stamps.

Santa Fe

A. ANDREWS, General Agent,
108 N. 4th Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

This Month's Official Guide of St. Louis

Contains a double-page illustration showing the

World's Fair Site and Main Buildings.

This Guide Contains an up-to-date Street, Avenue and Boulevard Directory illustrated with photo-engraved City Maps. Railway Time Tables of all Railways centering in St. Louis.

It's the Best

City Guide Published.

10c —Jett's Book Store, 806 Olive— 10c
or by mail from

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ADV. CO.

Suite 16, 17, 18, No. 110 N. 4th St.

CRAWFORD'S

This "Great Store"

sold at less than the price of the covers and paper. Read ad. in Books. Big Sale of Rose Bushes ready for planting—fourth floor.

Clothes the body and Feeds the Mind as no other store here attempts! The grandest variety of goods ever offered in St. Louis is now on sale at prices unequalled!! Our Annual Book Sale will have the boards for one week, and one week only, when books will be

Annual Book Clearance Sale.



List Our Cut
Price. Former Price.
Price.

Cooper's Sea Tales, Conan Doyle's Works, Emerson's Works, Hawthorne's Works, Victor Hugo's Works, Rudyard Kipling's Works, Reynold's Works, 5 vols., cloth binding, per set	\$1.50	\$1.18	\$.69
Charles Dickens' Complete Works, 15 vols., binding, per set	5 00	3 98	2 98
Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth binding, per set	4 00	3 48	2 68
Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth, illustrated, per set	6 00	4 75	3 75
Bulwer Lytton's complete, 13 vols., cloth, per set	4 50	3 68	2 48

Thackeray's complete, 10 vols., cloth, per set	3 50	2 98	1 98
George Eliot's Works, complete, 6 vols., cloth, per set	3 00	1 98	1 38
Shakespeare's Works, complete, 5 vols., cloth, per set	1 50	1 18	.69
Shakespeare's Works, complete, Hudson's Student's Edition, 12 vols., cloth, per set	9 00	7 50	5 38
Encyclopedias—Chambers', 12 vols., cloth binding, per set	15 00	8 00	4 98
Encyclopedias—Allen's Manifold, 32 vols., cloth binding, per set	18 00	12 50	7 98
Encyclopedias—Americanized Britannica, late edition, 12 vols., cloth, per set	15 00	12 50	7 50
Encyclopedias—Werner's Universal, 12 vols., buckram binding, per set	25 00	18 50	13 50
Ridpath's History of the World, 9 vols., half Russian binding, 1899 edition	36 00	25 00	18 90
Century Magazine, bound in heavy cloth, 2 vols., 1898 edition	5 50	2 18	1 68
Century Magazine, bound in heavy cloth, 2 vols., 1899 edition	5 50	2 18	1 75
Century Magazine, bound in heavy cloth, 2 vols., 1900 edition	5 50	2 18	1 75

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ridpath's History of the United States, Illustrated	\$2.50	\$1.85	\$1.38
Memorial Life of William McKinley (Townsend) Illustrated	2 50	1 18	55
Memorial Life of Queen Victoria (Meyer) Illustrated	1 50	1 18	55
The Pathway of Life (Talmage) Colored Illustrations	1 50	1 18	59
Encyclopedia of Quotations by A. Woolever, cloth	1 25	98	69
Encyclopedia of Comedy (Janson), cloth	1 25	98	69
New Biographical Dictionary, Revised Edition	1 25	98	69
The Works of Josephus, Antiquities of the Jews and a History of the Jewish Men	1 25	98	69
The Arabian Knights, Lane translation	1 25	98	69
Encyclopedia of Wit and Wisdom, a collection of nearly 10,000 anecdotes	1 50	1 18	89
Kings of the Platform and Pulpit, morocco binding	3 00	2 18	1 68
Human Science of Phrenology, etc., by Fowler	2 50	1 38	89
Dr. Gunn's New Family Physician, cloth binding	3 00	2 18	1 68
Dr. Gunn's New Family Physician, sheep binding	5 00	3 98	2 18
Diseases of Live Stock (Miller)	2 50	1 68	95
The Young Folks' Cyclopaedia of Games and Sports	3 00	2 25	1 25
Young Folks' History of England, Germany, France and Greece, by C. M. Yonge, 12mo, cloth	1 00	75	55
Handy Volume Classics, Standard Authors, beautiful bindings, over 200 titles to choose from	35	25	17
The New Argyle and Aetna Series of 12mos, cloth, 300 titles	35	18	13
Famous and Independent Edition of Standard Authors, 12mos, gilt tops, illustrated	75	49	39
DICTIONARIES—Webster's Unabridged Cloth binding	1 00	85	60
Half Russia	1 50	1 18	85

Full sheet, indexed	3 00	1 98	1 65
Encyclopedia Dictionary—Half Russia, indexed	5 00	3 68	3 18
School Dictionaries—cloth and half Russia—15c, 28c 49c.			
Were 18c, 35c, 68c.			

COOK BOOKS—White House, late edition	1 50	85	69
Twentieth Century	1 50	85	69
The American Pure Food Cook Book	1 50	98	79
The Home Queen	1 25	59	49

BIBLES—Teachers' Bibles, with references and concordance, morocco covers, minion type	1 50	1 25	85
Teachers' Bibles, burgeoisie type	2 50	1 75	1 18
Teachers' Bibles, pictorial edition	2 50	1 75	1 25

List Our Cut
Price. Former Price.
Price.

Our Poets, their Portraits and Poems, Illustrated	1 50	98	59
Neely's Parliament of Religions at the World's Columbian Exposition, cloth	3 00	68	29
The Irish National Invincibles, by Tynan, cloth binding	1 50	68	49
Deeds of Daring by the American Soldier, cloth	1 25	75	59
Wonders of the Universe, a Record of Things Wonderful in Nature, Science and Art	1 25	75	59
Remarks of Bill Nye, cloth binding	75	49	39
Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa, cloth binding	75	49	39
Around the World on \$60, by R. Mederith, cloth	75	49	39
Poor Boys' Chances, John Haberton	50	39	29
Helen's Babies, John Haberton	75	65	49
The Boys of '98, James Otis	1 50	1 18	78
A Child of the Sun, C. C. Banks, Colored Illustrations	1 75	1 38	98
The Golden Picture Book, C. C. Banks, Colored Illustrations	1 50	1 18	89
Fighting for the Empire, James Otis	1 50	1 18	89
The War with Spain, Our Island Empire, The Nation's Navy (Morris) each	1 25	98	75
Other Men's Minds, 7,000 choice extracts of standard authors	1 75	1 38	98
Famous American Belles of the Nineteenth Century	2 50	2 18	1 48
Grant, His Life and Character, Hamlin Garland	2 50	2 25	1 25
The Fall of Santiago, T. J. Vivian	1 50	1 18	75

HARPER BROS' BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

Aztec Treasure House, Janvier; Coast of Bohemia, Howells; Descendant, Glasgow; Flute and Violin, Allen; Breadwinners, House Boat on the Styx, Pursuit of the House Boat, Bangs; Life on the Mississippi, Twain; Little Journey in the World, Warner; Jupiter Lights, Woolson; The Last Recruit of Clarke's, Keightley; Lorraine, Chambers; New England Nun, A. Wilkins; Mrs. Keath's Crime, Clifford; Peter Ibbetsen, Du Maurier; Princess Alene, Davis; The Red Axe, Crockett; Komeny in Boston, Pool; The Refugee, Doyle; Strange Manuscript, De Mille; A Little Sister of the Wilderness, Bell; Virginia, A. Rives	1 00	75	58
---	------	----	----

POPULAR COPYRIGHTS.

A Bachelor's Christmas, Adam Johnstone's Son, A Century of Dishonor, Chimes from a Jester's Bell, City of Repose, Children of the Mist, Caleb West, Casino Girl in London, The Angel of the Covenant, Agatha Webb; Soldiers of Fortune, Triska, Phroso, Damnation of the Theron Wine, Via Lewis, Devil Tree of El Dorado, The Art of Living, Prisoners of the Tree, The Latimers, The Yarn of a Bucko Mate, Trilby, Dross, The Jazmy Bride, Dash for a Throne, The White Devil of Verde, Yesterday in the Philippines, Stories of a Western Town, The Fugitive, For Faith and Freedom, Tom Grogan, A Guest of the Ludlow, The Ivory Gate, The Master Craftsman, Love in Idleness, Sons of the Morning, The Regicide, A Garrison Tangle, Fort Frayne, A Woman's Name, Facing the Flag, Sweetheart Manette, The King of Honey Island, Transgression, The Real Chinaman, Milly, To Arms, Untold Tales of the Past, By a Hair's Breadth, The Sign of the Spider, In King's Houses, The Observations of Henry, John Henry, Three Men on Wheels, Artie, The Launching of a Man, Omar the Tentmaker, Rose a Charlotte, The Wallet of Kal Lung, All of the above, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 books, at, each	50	43	39
Cozy Corner Series, for Children from 8 to 12	35	25	18
Henty Books, 41 titles, cloth binding	35	50	29
Jack Harkaway Books, cloth binding	35	50	29
Our Young Folks' Historical Library, Roman Empire, Josephus, Plutarch, 3 vols., cloth, per set	4 50	3 18	2 18
Oliver Optic's Blue and Gray Series, each	1 50	1 18	75
Oliver Optic's Boat Club Series, first series, 3 vols., 12mo, cloth, per set	1 50	1 18	75
The Famous Tales Series, 17 vols., 12mo, cloth—A valuable collection of the world's best thought, Titles—Tales of Battle, Camp and Siege; of the Sea, of Heroism of Wonder; Weird Tales, Fairyland and Fancy, Classic Tales, The Iliad, Aeneid Odyssey, Tales of Olden France, Famous Child Stories, Tales of the Orient, Prose Idylls, Tales of Enchantment, Occult Tales, Tales of Barbarians and Savages, Tales of Gods and Heroes—	6 00	5 25	3 75
Per set, 17 vols			
Per volume	1 65	1 25	75
The Boys' Own Indoor Book, Hutchinson	1 50	1 25	75
The Girls' Own Indoor Book, Charles Peters	1 50	1 25	75

New Testaments—Cloth.....	4c	19c	20c	43c				
Were.....	5c	25c	35c	55c				
Morocco.....	21c	25c	29c	37c	49c	98c	\$1 18	
Were.....	25c	35c	38c	45c	59c	1 25	1 48	
Prayer Books—Episcopal, Combination Prayer Books and Hymnals—								
Morocco.....	68c	85c	\$1 38	\$1 75	\$1 90	\$2 38		
Were.....	85c	1 18	1 85	2 25	2 45	3 00		
Common Prayer Books—Cloth and morocco								
binding.....	19c	25c	59c	69c	85c	1 38		
Were.....	25c	30c	80c	90c	1 18	1 68		
Catholic Prayer Books—cloth and morocco								
binding.....	3c	25c	35c	45c	58c	75c	1 18	2 48
Were.....	16c	30c	43c	59c	75c	90c	1 75	3 25
First Communion Prayer Books—								
White.....	65c	85c	1 10	1 35				
Were.....	85c	1 15	1 48	1 75				

D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

BUENOS AYRES.

I want to talk of Bunniz—
 Its girls with jewelled arms,
 Fairer than the star or sun is;
 Ah, dusky Creole charms!
 The girls 'longside the Plata
 Are girls of shinin' gold:
 I've kept one's scented garter
 These ten years, so's the mould
 O' their fair limbs shan't ever
 Fade out of my old eyes.
 O, Bunniz girls, I'd never
 Swap you for Paradise!

With stoker-men a-graftin'
 I went yon southward way;
 Our cross-heads an' the shaftin'
 Forever seemed to say:
 "O Bunniz! wait for Bunniz,
 Its bosoms and its wine—
 There is no land where fun is
 To lick the Argentine!"
 I waited for you, city,
 Beneath the spear-marked stars—
 O, Bunniz girls, the pity
 I left your sweet guitars!

'Twas wool we went a-seekin',
 From Boston-town that year;
 Our souls hung dry and creakin'
 For women's lips and beer!
 The inner "roads" lapped quiet
 Against our plates o' brown—
 O, loves of Hell!—the riot
 We made in Bunniz-town!
 I hear the soft mandolines
 Still twangin' in my brain,
 Across the sea's red bowlines
 I see them girls again!

Wool—wool we struck in plenty,
 In Constitution mart—
 With rich aguardiente
 To warm each seaman's heart.
 And Bunniz opera dancers,
 I seem to see you still;
 Like squads of joyous lancers
 You charge my breast at will!
 O, Colon maids a-toin'—
 Somehow, I see you yet,
 Your bosoms round and glowin'
 Like fields of violet!

O, Bunniz breasts, I'm dreamin'
 Of you this blessed day;
 O, lips of fire, I'm schemin'
 To wing me back your way.
 I see your bright eyes flashin'—
 The old cabildo where
 They fined me stiff for mashin'
 Some Dagoes with a chair!
 O, broadly flowin' Plata,
 Perhaps I'll come ere long
 To steal one more round garter,
 And hear one more sweet song.

O, Bunniz girls, I'm dreamin'
 Of you right here and now;
 Oh, Dark Eyes, watch the seamen,
 I'll join them yet, I vow!
 And, swingin' by 'Donado,
 Some day or night I'll go—
 I'll drive the screws of Trade-O
 Past Montevideo!
 With triple screws a-batter,
 Around the headlands brown,
 With engines all a-clatter,
 I'll hew the tall leagues down!

Grant Hervey, in Sidney Bulletin.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the
 E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and
 is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery
 department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mer-
 cantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Magazines at About Half Prices.

All Subscriptions, excepting the *Mirror*, must be new.

The *MIRROR* and your choice of any of the following dollar magazines:

Woman's Home Companion, Cosmopolitan, Ledger Monthly or Pilgrim, for **\$2.50**
 The *MIRROR* and any two of the above, \$3.00. The magazines will be sent to one or different addresses.

OTHER ATTRACTIVE OFFERS:

MIRROR.....	2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,	Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00	Arena.....	2.50	\$10.50	\$7.85
Success.....	1.00			Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,	Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00	Success.....	1.00		
Success.....	1.00			Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.80
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Pearson's.....	1.00		
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75	Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00			Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.00	\$5.50
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,	Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Household.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75	Arena.....	2.00	\$10.50	\$7.35
Success.....	1.00			Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,	Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$3.75	Commoner.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00			Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena or Mind.....	2.50	Price,	Price,	Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$3.90	Truth.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00			Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,	Arena.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$8.50	\$4.85	Critic.....	2.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
Mind.....	2.00			MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Etude.....	1.50	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Arena.....	2.50	\$6.00	\$4.00
Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.60	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.50			Country Gentleman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Donahoe's Magazine.....	2.00	\$8.50	\$5.30
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Bookman.....	2.50		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.10	MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
Critic.....	2.00			Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Regular	Our
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Success.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.50	\$5.25
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.60	Bookman.....	2.50		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00			MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Success.....	1.00	Regular	Our
Pearson's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85	Frank Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.50
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00			The Designer.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.35	Current Literature.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50			Success.....	1.00	\$13.50	\$6.50
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	North American Review.....	5.00		
Popular Science.....	1.50	Price,	Price,	MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.50	\$3.40	Current Literature.....	3.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00			Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Success.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.50
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,	Household.....	1.00		
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.35	MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
Table Talk.....	1.00			Literary Digest.....	3.00	Regular	Our
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	Harper's Bazar.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,	Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00	\$11.00	\$6.50
Bookman.....	2.50	\$7.50	\$5.90	Harper's Weekly.....	4.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,	Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$9.00	\$7.15	Bookman.....	2.00	\$8.00	\$6.60
Country Gentleman.....	2.00			MIRROR.....	\$2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our	World's Work.....	3.00	Regular	Our
Literary Digest.....	3.00	Price,	Price,	Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Country Life.....	3.00	\$9.00	\$5.00	Country Life.....	3.00	\$12.00	\$6.00
Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00			Public Opinion.....	3.00		

NOTE—Present subscribers to the *MIRROR*, when renewing may take advantage of the above offers, but renewals to any other publications will not be accepted.

SPECIAL OFFER—With each and every combination order from the above list, providing it is a new subscription to the *MIRROR*, we will send the *Criterion* one year and the *MIRROR PAMPHLETS* (monthly) six months free.

Subscribers to the *MIRROR*, when renewing their subscription or subscribing to any of the above combination offers, may include this offer by adding 50 cents.

NOTE—When subscribing or renewing your subscription to any prominent newspaper, magazine or periodical, if you will send your order to the *MIRROR* for any first-class publication, at the publisher's price, we will send you the *MIRROR*, Free, for three months.

This offer is for new subscribers to the *MIRROR* only. If the publications you desire are not in any of the above offers, we will be pleased to quote you prices on any combination of magazines you may desire. Let us hear from you before ordering.

Newsdealers and Postmasters are authorized to accept orders for the above combination offers. Personal checks accepted. Address all orders to

THE MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.



Beer stored and maturing until mellowed and ripened into wholesomeness is "on lager." All Anheuser-Busch beers are thus "lagered" until perfect for use.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n,

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Brewers of the famous Budweiser, Michelob, Black and Tan, Faust, Pale-Lager, Anheuser-Standard, Export Pale and Exquisite.

An Ideal Present

For Mother
For Sister
For Sweetheart
For Wife

For Easter
For a Birthday
For an Engagement
For a Wedding

Sonnets To a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey

The Sweetest, Truest, Sanest Love-Utterance in American Verse in the past quarter of a century.

Printed on hand-made paper, bound in vellum boards, in a slide case.

PRICE, \$1.25

Published by

WILLIAM MARION REEDY,

The Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.

Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.



AS to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal.*

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a bitingly clever one. And against the background of manikins, duds, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American.*

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News.*

PRICE \$1.25.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Publisher,

The "Mirror," Ozark Building

SAINT LOUIS MO.

The Mirror

A VERY PLEASANT ROUTE



The Only Line running Library Observation Sleepers from St. Louis through to San Antonio. And further than this, it has Through Sleepers and Chair Cars to Paris, Dallas, Houston, Galveston—in fact, nearly all the Principal Points in Texas. The Frisco System is also

THE SHORT LINE TO OKLAHOMA,

And to Oswega, Wichita, Burrton and points in the West and Far West.

This is the Scenic Railway—It Runs Through the Ozarks.

TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.



TO
Old Mexico
Every Day in the Year and Sundays, too.

THE MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RY. CO.
Operates First Class Drawing Room Sleeping Cars between St. Louis and the City of Mexico without change either of cars or train attendants. Train leaves St. Louis daily and Sundays, too, at 8:32 P. M.

Not the First, Not the Last, But the ONLY. First day out it passes through the beautiful Indian Territory: the second morning it is at SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, the City of Missions. In the evening it crosses the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass (the Mexican Frontier). Thereafter the route is via the most picturesque portion of Old Mexico. For a charming little book on this picturesque country, and a souvenir Mexican coin free, address

JAMES BARKER,
G. P. & T. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry., St. Louis, Mo.
N. B.—These are not Tourist Cars, but the finest equipment of Pullman Co.